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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is not the faintest doubt the trend of opinion all round is towards a conference over Ireland. Nearly all serious politicians would like a conference. Whether a conference could overcome the very great difficulties that front us is another matter. Mr. Redmond's angry outburst in Kerry a week ago—an outburst of "asininity" Mr. William O'Brien agreeably styled it next day—was thought by some people to end all hope of conference or conciliation. But Mr. Redmond, though he seems to hold Mr. Asquith in his palm, is not exactly Coriolanus nor Napoleon Buonaparte. He is not even Parnell—yet before a whiff of public opinion Parnell instantly went down. If the public really wakes to the fact that there must be a bloody civil war in Ireland or a settlement, Mr. Redmond will count as much as a pricked bubble.

Statesman after statesman is declaring in favour of settlement or moderating counsel. The best part of the press on both sides is at least leaning the same way: especially we may note the "Pall Mall Gazette" which is doing fine service in this. The truth is all intellectual men, all reasoning minds, wish for a settlement. People and papers that scout the idea have been "left".

Take Sir Edward Carson, whose voice is obviously by far the most important voice of all in this matter—he has spoken with calm reason this week about a settlement, and in so many words tells us that it can be settled by the exclusion of Ulster. That is a statement of profound significance. It is simple and clear, to be understood by any, every man in the street. There is no response to the suggestion that we should bring in the federal system, because the federal system

is as cryptic to the average educated or uneducated Englishman as proportional representation or bimetalism. We fear it is fifty years at least too soon to settle by federation. Not one man in a thousand understands federation, whereas every man understands exclusion.

Lord S. Aldwyn has written a powerful and closely reasoned letter to the "Times". He too favours a conference. But he thinks that the only way to settle is through a General Election. Let us confer about that is his advice. Lord S. Aldwyn's mind is virile as ever and he carries great weight not perhaps among the people, but among the statesmen. His experience now is matchless among the first-class men, and he is not suspected of partisanship. We should say that the Liberal leaders would rather listen to him than to any other member of the Unionist party. Yet it is more than doubtful whether he will draw them to a conference *over a dissolution*. It is too much like inviting them to a conference over the question of whether they shall die at once or live another crowded year or two of more—or less—glorious life.

It is at times the business, the duty, of a party politician to put things at a maximum—we think the saying is one of Sir Edward Grey's, who, however, does not always put them so himself! We must not forget this in reading even Mr. Redmond. Taking Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith, there seems on the face of it to be some discrepancy between their "exclusion" views; for Sir Edward protested at Dungannon against the exclusion of the four counties only (Antrim, Down, Armagh, Londonderry), whereas Mr. F. E. Smith spoke at Cookstown of "that portion of this province which is homogeneous in its views". He added: "What we have claimed to do, what we are trying to prevent, and what, if necessary, we will take up arms to prevent, is the compulsion of that part of Ulster which is and always has been opposed to Home Rule".

But the seeming difference between the two statesmen is explained by the able correspondent of the "Daily Mail" in Tyrone. He reminds his readers that the

leader of the Irish Unionists is "in the position of one of the bargaining parties", and is therefore bound at this time to put the demands of his side at the maximum. That is true, and in politics it is a point we must never lose sight of. Clearly—for example—Ulster would not insist on excluding Donegal if Donegal were intent on being included in the Bill.

Meanwhile every day makes clearer the irresistible resolve of Ulster not to be forced out of the Union. The wonderful scene of the review in Ulster last Saturday shows what a voluntary army can do in the way of accurate machine-like drill and discipline once the passion of the thing is in it. If only Lord Haldane had been able to found his Territorial Force on such a basis as that, we should not to-day need to talk of national service or conscription.

We have in the Ulstermen to-day what Kinglake found in the cavalry at the Crimea—"that innate warlike passion, the gift of Heaven, it would seem, to chosen races of men". It was just such a stern force that held Enborn Heath against the charges of Carnarvon and Rupert and the brave Cavaliers at the battle of Newbury—the citizen force which Clarendon himself could not help admiring.

Mr. J. M. Robertson has acted wisely in apologising for his "blazer". He suggested last week that the Post Office would throw Belfast into darkness by cutting off its letters. He explains now that it was not a threat, and moreover that he spoke without authority. He did it "on his own". That is what we thought. Mr. Robertson has had a strong hint from headquarters that his intervention was unfortunate.

To do Mr. Robertson justice, we are sure he spoke without weighing his words. To add to the confusion of a city in revolt by boycotting it thus would be cruel beyond thought. It would punish thousands of innocent people, the Government's friends as well as their foes. Modern warfare is not inhuman, and the Government, whatever else they might do, would not take a step like this. We gladly acquit Mr. Robertson of any real intent of the kind, but he slipped into a terrible indiscretion of speech.

Is Mr. D. A. Thomas qualifying as the Burke of his party? He was made chairman of the Cardiff Radicals this week, but only on the understanding that he must form and hold his own views. Thus he condemns the Parliament Act to start with! Burke scarcely went further in his proud claim to be keeper of his own political conscience.

In another way Mr. Thomas does not remind one of Burke; he is a director of twenty-five public companies and boldly tells his friends so, and they elect him with enthusiasm. We are interested to find the Radicals of a great town like Cardiff choosing as leader a politician who condemns the Parliament Act. Also we are interested to find them choosing as leader the director of twenty-five public companies. We have nothing to say against Mr. D. A. Thomas—on the contrary. But we object to the cant of Radicals about company directorships and so forth which they always try to associate with the Unionist party. Radicals, as we have often remarked, are fond of good things in commerce and the City.

Mr. Lloyd George, raking into the political history of Lord Selborne, has reminded the public of one or two traditions of Cabinets in the past. The public will thank Mr. Lloyd George, more especially as Mr. George's reminiscences make his own dealings in American Marconis look the more dubiously grey beside the shining white of these former ones. When Lord Selborne was made Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1895 he was a director of the P. and O. Steamship Company. The Government entered into contracts

with this company; and Lord Selborne offered to resign his directorship. But the Government pointed out (1) Lord Selborne was not a Cabinet Minister; (2) the Government did not make contracts with the P. and O. through the Colonial Office. In a word, Lord Selborne's public office of Under-Secretary could never collide with his private interests as a director of the P. and O.

Five years later Lord Selborne became First Lord of the Admiralty. He was now a Cabinet Minister, and head of a department that might be called on to deal with the P. and O. Lord Selborne therefore resigned from the company. Such were the ethics of public service in 1905. We must also remember that from 1900 to 1905 Lord Selborne's position as Under-Secretary and director was always common knowledge of the House of Commons and of the country. Mr. George's comment upon Lord Selborne's conduct during these years is correct—"His story is not mine".

Politics are immensely important just now, but some people at least who care for England have not read without emotion the blue-book this week on the Camel Corps reverse in Somaliland. It is too clear that Mr. Corfield made a mistake in hurling his little force at the massed dervishes. He was warned not to do so by Captain Summers. He insisted, and the result was fatal. Corfield, bravest of the brave, died in the thick of the fight. He was of that class of Englishman who does not fear many men or things.

Officially Mr. Harcourt is quite right, of course, to censure Corfield's conduct. But not the less there was in it that superb spirit, that unreckoning bravery that built up the British Empire. If Corfield had succeeded, no one would have blamed him. Scores and hundreds of deeds by our forbears quite as fearless and uncalculating as his are recorded as glorious—they "came off". Caution is great and no doubt will prevail as a rule; but there is no making a great empire without some men of Corfield's superb spirit—and we are not sure there is even the preserving of an empire without a few of them.

They were men like Corfield for whom Lord Selborne was appealing on Thursday at Southampton. The civil servants of our Crown Colonies—men who live in poisonous countries under the sun, doing, alone and unsupported, the work of justice and government—are rarely heard of in England till something goes wrong. Hard and incessant work, tempered with reprimand, is the common lot. Now and then they are to be seen in London upon leave, out of place and out of touch. "Their work", Lord Selborne truly says, "is not even guessed at in this country, yet they give lives of devoted service to these backwood people."

Peace between Turkey and Bulgaria was signed on Monday evening. Henceforward Turks and Bulgarians will appeal to the arbitrament, not of war, but of the Hague Tribunal. This peace is a symbol of Turkey's wonderful recovery. Who could have suspected a few months ago that Turkey would come clear of the war with a "strategic area" round Adrianople? Decent restraint among the enemies of Turkey would have left the Turks with barely a foothold in Europe.

To-day, having made an honourable peace with Bulgaria, the Turks are ready to turn defiantly upon Greece. They talk now of islands necessary to the safety of Turkey—meaning that they will not without a struggle surrender the Ægean. Peace between Turkey and Bulgaria means a likelihood of war between Turkey and Greece. This would be only the fourth Balkan war in twelve months. The third Balkan war is actually proceeding now—between Serbia and the Albanian tribes.

The difficulty between China and Japan is happily settled. General Chang-Hsun, conniving at outrages

upon the Japanese flag, is not to be dismissed; but he has apologised in form. The General has only apologised at the point of an ultimatum; and, after calling at the Japanese Embassy, he visited all the other nations to make it look like an impulse towards international politeness all round. The General's friends are now lauding his patriotism, which persuaded him to apologise to an enemy obviously in the wrong rather than involve his country in war.

Lord Roberts has kept this week his eighty-first birthday. Ten years ago he might justly have felt that his work was done, but Lord Roberts has in these last ten years put in some of the hardest and best days of his life. His work for national service has brought home to thousands who would have otherwise remained untouched our duties and our needs. The simple sincerity of his call reaches home where facts and figures are of no virtue at all. There is, too, something particularly appealing in the vigour of his eighty-one years.

"There is no law in this country. I state that after long experience." Mr. Healy was talking of Ireland. Ex parte it was the Dublin masters' case in brief as put to Sir George Askwith on Wednesday at the Board of Trade Inquiry. Mr. Healy's speech for the masters was brilliant and clear in every line. The sympathetic strike, the bargains that bind the masters but do not bind the men, tainted goods and peaceful persuasion—these things could not be better put. Mr. Healy, of course, spoke as an advocate; and how he impressed the inscrutable Sir George Askwith will not be discovered. One thing, however, is clear. If Mr. Healy's account of trade-union policy in Dublin, as inspired by Mr. Larkin, is measurably true, trade and industry are impracticable.

In illustration of Mr. Healy's story the Dublin Corporation was the same day virtually outlawed. In the early morning a cargo of coal was on its way to the Corporation lighting station, when a messenger "fiery-red with haste" arrived at the wharf and said that the coal was tainted. Immediately the men on the wharf refused to deliver it to the Corporation. The Dublin Corporation employs only trade unionists, pays only trade union wages, and has no quarrel with its own or anybody's men. Why, then, should the Corporation be wantonly damaged? It seems that the firm which was sending coal to the Corporation had a week ago sent coal to the tramways. There are three stages to the argument. The men have a quarrel with the tramways. Therefore a firm which has dealings with the tramways must be outlawed, its goods declared to be tainted, its boats described as scab-boats. Therefore any third, fourth, or fifth firm which deals with a firm which has dealt with the tramways is also liable to damage. It reads like a Tudor document in a case of misprision of treason. King Labour is absolute in Dublin.

Will Sir George Askwith succeed in Dublin where every Court has failed? Mr. Ben Tillett describes his "great genius for peace" in a way that helps us to understand why he has so often succeeded when all other men have failed. Mr. Tillett formed his impressions of Sir George Askwith two years ago, at the time of the great railway strike. "Sir George Askwith, the patient, plodding man, with pigeon-holes in his brains; who listened without sign of being bored or absorbed, who concealed his mind like a Chinaman. Emotionless, except that he would peer through his glasses at someone making a statement of moment, never raising his diplomatic voice, or appearing to hurry over anything; guiding without falter or apparent effort the disputants, however heated they may be, himself the inscrutable, patient listener. And such patience! It was more than dour in its persistence and calmness; it compelled by its coldness, and saved us from bickerings on occasions when the wisest become puny and spiteful."

The cotton masters have this week definitely decided to lock out their half-million workers at the end of the month if they do not come to terms. The point at issue here is the indiscipline of trade unions. The men's leaders have made terms which the men refuse to accept. The trouble began as a one-man dispute. The spinners at a particular mill asked that a man in authority should be dismissed for tyranny. The masters and the men's leaders conferred, and investigated. Tyranny was not proved, and the men's leaders agreed with the masters that the spinners should be asked to withdraw their notice to strike. The spinners refused, and the masters now declare that collective bargains are impossible if the men's leaders cannot speak for them and obtain respect for their orders. It is the old impasse.

The impression left by the Church Congress at Southampton, as by so many other Church Congresses, is one of futility. Words, words, words. It is difficult to disentangle from the mass any new or inspiring thought. The debate on the Church's Marriage Law, which Dr. Talbot in vain attempted to stimulate, was admittedly a failure. So, too, was the discussion on "The Ideals of Manhood and Womanhood". In this case there was no lack of speaking or speakers; but talk about suffragettes at a Church Congress is out of place and necessarily vague.

It is more than doubtful whether in introducing a new feature into its debates the organisers of the Church Congress are wise. After all, a Church Congress should be a Church Congress. While we would not limit its deliberations to wrangling about ritual or to ecclesiastical politics, we consider that all this talk about woman's rights, race problems, and the social order is a mistake. The business of the Church is with the individual man—his soul. We do not wish to see it following the age in facile acquiescence with the accepted view as to the first importance of material things. There is still something to be done on the spiritual side.

At the English Church Union meeting, Mr. Athelstan Riley rightly emphasised the importance of dogma to the Church's life, following the Bishop of Oxford. This came in well as a correction of all the talk about broad views and the vagueness generally that comes of a number of thinkers coming together and trying to be mutually agreeable.

Sir Francis Darwin, talking this week at the Birkbeck, tells us that his father's genius was largely a wonderful patience with failures and exceptions. He relates how Darwin would come in from the greenhouse saying "The little beasts are doing just what I did not want them to do". The temptation—the greatest of all temptations—a scientist has to face in his quest of principles and laws is to assume, when things go wrong, that the "little beasts" are at fault—that they *ought* to prove the rule, and must somehow be compelled to prove it. But Darwin always found his "little beasts" most interesting when they were most impracticable. He did not put the exceptions and the failures aside as unimportant. Failures did not upset him; frequently they led him into new discoveries. Darwin's experiments which did not come off were sometimes more successful than the experiments which did.

Sir Francis Darwin, pointing the difference between good scientists and bad, tells the story of a Russian chemist who came to England and was asked why salt, thrown upon an open fire, burned with a blue flame. The Russian chemist had never thrown sodium upon an open fire, but he knew that the flame of sodium should be yellow. Darwin would have instinctively accepted the fact from his inquisitors and said "Does it indeed burn blue upon an open fire? How very interesting! I must go into this". But the Russian answered "Sodium doesn't burn blue;

it is impossible. Sodium gives a yellow flame". Whereupon some salt was thrown upon the fire, and the eminent Russian fled from the room and was never more seen in England. The ordinary clever scientist instinctively asks of his facts that they shall square with his expectations. The genius is instinctively ready for an exception. The one fact that kills his theory is as dear to him as the hundred facts which seem to prove it.

Delight in the tiny works of nature is one of the really beautiful traits of the scientific genius. It is especially admirable in the naturalist. He is able to feel with Keats that "beauty is truth, truth beauty". One happy consequence, at least, of the modern scientific spirit is our new delight in birds and flowers and butterflies, a delight that never wearies with detail. The beetle-hunter of fiction is a libel upon naturalists to-day. Not all the naturalists who delight in birds on the wing or in the poise of daffodils wear blue spectacles, or are "notoriously weak in the hams".

The story of the New River Company is romantic. On Michaelmas Day of 1613 the waters of the "New River", brought nearly forty miles out of Hertfordshire, first flowed into the London reservoir.

"Flow forth, precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for",

sang one of the labourers at the opening pageant. Whereat, says the chronicler, "the flood gates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounded in a triumphal manner, and a brave peal of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment".

The precious spring was indeed "long and dearly sought for". James I. advanced Hugh Myddelton part of the capital for the project in consideration of an allotment of one-half the shares in the Company. For twenty-one years no dividends were paid, and the shares were worth £5 apiece. Charles I. thought so little of the venture that he induced the Company to take over his holding for a fixed settlement of £500 a year. Twenty years ago a single share was sold for £94,900!

Mr. Galsworthy's suggestions for the libraries are moderate and wise. He does not cry out about this or that particular author's damaged masterpiece or waste words in heaping fresh scorn upon Mrs. Grundy. He asks—it has not yet been soberly asked—What, in reason, can be done? He sees—the irresponsibles have not yet seen it—that nothing can be done to interfere with the discretion of the libraries to send out what books they choose to subscribers who pay them to select their literature for them. How the libraries choose their books is a private matter between the libraries and their customers. You cannot compel the libraries to put Mr. Compton Mackenzie's books in their windows when they have seriously decided that their subscribers would not wish them to do so.

Mr. Galsworthy sees—as was pointed out in the REVIEW some weeks ago—that the heart of the difficulty is the public taste to-day in the choice of what it reads and leaves unread. Mr. Galsworthy suggests a friendly arrangement between the libraries and the authors, whereby men of letters would help to guide the libraries in their choice of books, and through them to influence readers. At least, he urges, let the libraries not actually exclude a book before consulting a Committee of Taste. Certainly the libraries could do much to raise the public taste. Subscribers, to a large extent, take the books that are given them; those subscribers, at any rate, who are most in need of leading into a better way. Get the readers of fiction to ask for better books—to know the difference between good books and bad—and all the talk about impropriety and indecency would end. The libraries could, and possibly would, do something, if only indignant authors would stop holding pistols to their heads.

THE REAL ISSUE.

ALTHOUGH civil war threatens in these islands, the Government oracles have been dumb as to their intentions of dealing with the crisis and the lesser members of the Ministerial bench have restrained themselves from their accustomed indiscretions. It is true that Mr. J. M. Robertson threatened at the beginning of the week that Ulster might be debarred the postal service. But he hastened to explain that he did not mean what he had said.

It is also true that the Chief Whip is said to have said—for some convenient reporter may again be blamed—that the little Cabinet Council which he housed at Brodick Castle early in the week had been having a great deal of amusement at the very idea of a Conference being mooted. If that is the prevailing form of entertainment in high Ministerial circles, the situation is indeed more hopeless than we had thought.

Nevertheless we doubt if Mr. Asquith is so wilfully blind to the facts as his Press and his underlings represent him. He has done nothing to meet the crisis, but at least he has not aggravated it, as some of his followers would have him do, by arresting Sir Edward Carson or stooping to the pettiness of removing his name from the Privy Council. His silence may therefore be construed as policy and deliberation until he shows otherwise; conceivably he is holding his hand until the visit to Balmoral is over. Meanwhile the necessity for some hard thinking faces the Prime Minister.

For it is in truth one of the essential doctrines of Liberalism that Ulster has challenged. The theory that majorities must always rule has for its counterpart the consequence that minorities must occasionally suffer. Mr. Birrell on one occasion admitted as much in one of those half-finished sentences of his orations which the House of Commons hears with such exemplary patience; but the theory is at most a conventional, not a universal law. Outside the British Empire it is more often the minority than the majority that rules; even under the British flag the same is frequently the case. On the secondary issues that are the usual problems facing modern statecraft the theory as a rule holds good, but on vital questions of union or disunion a strong determined minority may do what strong determined minorities have always succeeded in doing before—refuse to submit to the dictates of a temporary majority at any price. It is then not a question of constitutional theory at all, but a question of strength and will; and it is this fact which has suddenly and uncomfortably forced itself on the Cabinet and made for its present impotence and the wild suggestions of its supporters.

That is the real issue in Ulster, stripped bare of the secondary constitutional trappings of customary politics, and it behoves all men concerned with the continuance of this Empire to face the fact. It is certainly difficult for the Radical mind to do so, accustomed to its new formula that a majority, however combined, has power to do all things; but the Radical leader-writers in the daily Press would do well to remember that Mr. Gladstone, who when all is said and done was a bigger man than Mr. Birrell, was more tender of the rights of minorities than latter day Coalitionists. It is useless, too, to protest that Ulster has driven a hole through constitutional theory. If that were true, so much the worse for constitutional theory. Some formulas whose unsoundness had been discovered would have to be revised; but it is demonstrably untrue. It were indeed a travesty of words to call a man a revolutionary because he opposed a revolutionary change in the Constitution of the United Kingdom; the facts are too patently otherwise, and it is part of the crime of Ulstermen in Radical eyes that they are too conservative, too intent on maintaining the form of union which no Whig or Liberal or modern Radical has ever loved. The attack on the Constitution does not come from Ulster, which occupies in this matter the position of the Unionist North against the Secessionist South in the American Civil War.

That war did not break the Constitution of the United States, and the threat of civil war in Ulster will not break the British Constitution; in any case that particular argument comes with bad grace from the authors and supporters of the Parliament Act. If it is to be a matter of *tu quoque*, their own hands are not clean.

But it is our earnest hope that this vital issue will not be made a matter of *tu quoque* and minor re-creminations. That is as serious a mistake as the attempt to write down the resistance of Ulster as bluff—a mistake which the Radical Press has at last discovered, to its intense aggravation. It is for that reason that we have supported Lord Loreburn's suggestion of a Conference, and, despite Mr. Redmond, there are signs that sane opinion in the United Kingdom inclines to it the more it is considered. That there are difficulties on both sides may be at once admitted, but we doubt if those difficulties need be fatal. The Radical who spurns compromise and talks drivell about the cup of victory being dashed from his triumphant lips would be wise to remember that a civil war is a high price to pay for a Parliamentary victory. He would also be well advised to remember that there was a time when high members of the Government were themselves not altogether unfriendly to the exclusion of Ulster, as the possible solution of a problem which even a year ago they recognised might become serious.

The Unionist, on the other hand, who recalls the failure of the previous Conference of 1910 with regret, would be well advised to insist that Mr. Lloyd George is not a member of any Conference on Home Rule, since it was mainly to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the greatest wrecker in politics, that the breakdown of the previous Conference was due. There is another point. A Conference may prolong the Government in office, and thus indirectly assist the passage of the Welsh Church Bill. That question will necessarily obtrude itself as a preliminary to the negotiations. In either case high patriotism must counsel an attempt to avoid a civil war.

If one were to judge by Nationalist speeches of the week, the position would indeed be almost beyond hope. Mr. Redmond will hear of nothing but the Bill, and he insists on the inclusion of Ulster. Sir Edward Carson rightly insists on the exclusion of Ulster as a basis of any negotiations. Between these two is absolute deadlock; but we incline to hope the loudness of Mr. Redmond's tone proclaimed his difficulty, and unless the Government are willing to sell themselves body and soul for his support, there are still factors in the Cabinet to whom the Carson solution will appeal. Failing that and a Conference there is no alternative but civil war or a general election; and to judge by the comments of the Radical Press they dread the latter even more than the former. Fortunately the Radical Press carries as little weight as it deserves with the Government, which it often embarrasses by its support, and until clear proof is given to the contrary we shall refuse to believe that the Cabinet, reckless as it has shown itself in the past, will deliberately prefer the greater to the lesser evil. If Mr. Asquith is tired of ruling and has no ambition for a second term of office there are men under him whose political careers are not yet at their zenith, and who would still recognise, even at this late hour, that once the first shot is fired in Ireland no member of the Cabinet which has allowed things to come to such a pass need ever hope to share in the Government of the United Kingdom again.

THE YAH, YAH STYLE.

"YOU'RE another" is the cheapest of political retorts. It is most effective with a true mob and most offensive to men of taste. But the method is legitimate enough and it is for the individual to decide whether he will use it or dismiss it as beneath him. Only he cannot have it both ways. The reason that Mr. Lloyd George's recent correspondence fills us

with disgust is that he has tried at one and the same time to tickle the mob by attacking the Cecils and to put himself right with the respectable section of his party by asserting that the Cecils had forced him to do it. The assertion is simply untrue. It was Mr. George who first said that the Cecils had no business to judge him because, in effect, they were as bad as he was. By all the rules of honourable controversy Mr. George should have followed up that assertion by an immediate and definite statement of evidence. As it is his "facts" have had to be dragged out of him, and—a singularly repellent detail—the only name he mentioned was the name of a man no longer living.

Mr. George's statements involve Lord Salisbury who is dead; Mr. Balfour, who has rightly disdained to notice a charge couched in Mr. George's well-known Yah, Yah style; and Lord Selborne, who has very properly shown the public once for all what are the facts. In dealing at length with Lord Selborne's position we have no desire to make things "hot" for Mr. George because he is a Radical. Something more than Mr. George's reputation is at stake. When the House of Commons accepted Ministers' regrets for their Marconi transactions it treated the episode as quite *sui generis*. Mr. George now argues that his case does not stand alone. He is either right or wrong: if he is right, the matter must certainly come before Parliament again. We do not want any more Marconi affairs, and Parliament should make that clear. Unless Mr. George's own case is exceptional, the needs of public honesty require a general declaration and not a resolution referring to a single event.

As Mr. George's favourite retort to his critics is that they misrepresent him we will put his charge against Lord Selborne in his own words. "A Minister in the Salisbury Administration", he writes, "... was a director as well as a shareholder of an important company at a time when the Government of which he was a member were negotiating and putting through a huge contract with that company. That contract directly affected his own department. As a director it was not merely his interest, but his duty to get the best terms out of the Government. Was there ever a clearer case of public duty and private interest clashing?" It is to be noted that Lord Selborne's letter asking, for the second time, for the formulation of a definite charge was written on 11 September. Mr. George ignored it for ten days and then replied to it by forwarding a letter in which Lord Selborne's name did not occur. His apology for this amazing piece of bad manners was that Lord Selborne must know what was implied against him as the matter had "formed the subject of a discussion in Parliament".

This last phrase unhappily deceived Lord Selborne. As a matter of fact his position as a director of the P. and O. was raised not in "a discussion", but in two discussions. Besides the debate in 1900 to which Lord Selborne understood Mr. George to refer there was an amendment to the Address in 1899. The earlier debate is of the greater importance because it was then definitely suggested that Lord Selborne's position involved a conflict between public duty and private interest. Lord S. Aldwyn, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, met this point with a summary denial, the grounds for which have now been made clear by Lord Selborne himself. Mr. George could not himself refer to the debate of 1899, as he would have had to admit that he was reviving a charge which had then been dismissed in a sentence. But it is a pity that his interested silence should have put Lord Selborne off the track.

Lord Selborne's letter shows that Mr. George's argument is as bad as his manners. It is not true that Lord Selborne was then a Minister. He was not a member, in Mr. George's sense, of the Government which negotiated a contract with the P. and O. The contract did not concern his department, and he himself had nothing whatever to do with it. So far from there being a clash between public duty and private

interests the two never came in sight of one another. And so Mr. George's case crumbles to bits. Still, though Lord Selborne's conduct has no relation to Mr. George's deal in Marconis, the facts and the debates upon them might have taught him a lesson or two. In the first place all the world knew Lord Selborne's position, whereas Mr. George did his deal in the dark. It was never suggested in either of the two debates that Ministers were guilty of anything underhand. Mr. George's present implication that the Salisbury Administration was a family compact to fleece the public should be contrasted with Mr. Birrell's language at the time. "I rejoice to think", said Mr. Birrell, "that we have in power men with clean hands and names which are above suspicion." Could anybody have said the same if the facts of Mr. George's behaviour had been made known in May 1912?

Another thing which Mr. George should have laid to heart was Lord Selborne's behaviour. If he had taken as his model the conduct of the man whose letters he does not answer civilly he would have saved himself much deserved obloquy. When he was made an Under Secretary Lord Selborne asked the Prime Minister whether he had better resign his directorship. Mr. George may wonder why he asked. After all the fact was public and the Prime Minister could find it out for himself. But men of a delicate sense of public honour like to make things quite safe lest they may unconsciously embarrass their chief. It was not until there was prospect of trouble that Mr. George took his chief into his confidence. Lastly, when Lord Selborne went to the Admiralty he not only resigned his directorship, but sold all his shares. Mr. George, on the contrary, purchased shares whose value in the open market could not be uninfluenced by the conclusion of the Marconi contract. Nowhere is the contradiction between the conduct of the two men more conspicuous than here.

Why, the bewildered reader may ask, has Mr. George cited in his defence circumstances which really tell so heavily against him? Was it out of ignorance—the act of a stupid but not of a malignant man? We fear not; Mr. George is as clever "as they make them" and knows what he is doing. Lord Morley once told the story of the journalist who came to him for work and when questioned as to his special line replied "Invective". "What sort of invective?" asked Lord Morley. "Oh, no particular sort; just invective." Mr. George's line is also invective, but he has now developed a special variety positively judicial in tone. This follows from his circumstances. To lower the Cecils in public repute he has only to show that they are on the same level as himself, and he naturally refrains from strong language of condemnation. The idea is that the public shall vent their anger on the Cecils and end up with actual sympathy for Mr. George. Such an idea requires effrontery for its execution, and we must admit that Mr. George has shown a greater audacity in constructing false analogies and a greater insolence in misrepresenting fact than even his own previous performance has indicated as possible. Mr. George's last letter is quite a masterpiece in its way and the cleverest and most disingenuous thing that he has ever done. By confusing the issue he makes out that Lord Selborne's conduct is far worse than his own, and the reader of the letter begins to wonder whether he has only dreamt that its author's offence was acting on a Government contractor's tip.

Cannot these performances be suppressed? They do not benefit Mr. George and they do not injure the Cecil family, so that their immediate object is not attained. But they are lowering the tone of political controversy and diminishing the respect for ministerial office. For this reason, and rather against our party interests, we should like to see Mr. George properly silenced. All that is required is a strong reminder that having once expressed his regret to the House of Commons it is now too late for him to submit pleas of justification. There is only one man who can offer such a reminder, and that man is the Prime Minister.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

THE newspapers are bewildering as to what has happened or is to happen about the Lord Chief Justice. Party politics seem to demand these contradictory declarations and forecasts. Ever since the Attorney-General was entangled in the Marconi scandals the dilemma of the Government was clear. It was felt to be quite impossible that the otherwise natural appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs to the Chief Justiceship could at this time be made. Opinions might differ as to the precise quality of Sir Rufus' offence; but the fama at any rate was of that quality which could not be ignored, and the non-appointment of Sir Rufus would be some recognition, though tardy and forced, of the misdoings of the Government. The Lord Chief Justiceship is the office which brings its bearer into closer contact than any other with the daily administration of popular justice. All Governments are desirous of having approval for their judicial appointments, and the present Government had already suffered too much over the Marconi affair for any bravado in appointing to the highest common-law judicial office one who had been so far compromised.

It would undoubtedly be most convenient to the Government if Lord Alverstone were able to return to his duties, and found his health sufficiently restored to prevent any vacancy for some considerable time. This has been the cue for all the denials of the Government newspapers, and it seemed that they were happy. Lord Alverstone in the early part of the year returned for a short time to the Courts, but was again compelled to lay down his work. After this second attack it was certainly the general feeling of the Bar that he would be unable to resume his duties, and that he would resign. Then it began to be rumoured that a wonderful cure was being effected by new medical treatment, and that he was in a fair way to be restored to health. This happened in the midst of the Marconi business; and great was the relief of the Government and the Government newspapers. Mr. Asquith had not only personally but officially sincere gratification in replying to the questions of Mr. Bonar Law that in the last communication he had with the Lord Chief Justice he entertained the hope that he would in the course of time be able to resume his active duties. Ministerial cheers testified to the satisfaction on the Government side.

The Long Vacation is now within a few days of coming to its close, and it is impossible to believe that the situation which existed in the Courts for the greater part of the preceding legal year can be allowed to continue indefinitely in the one that is opening. It is perhaps safest to suppose that Lord Alverstone till recently hoped he would get back to work; and that he has not been moved by any desire either to assist or embarrass the Government in the matter of Sir Rufus Isaacs, but simply to follow his own inclination of working as long as possible. This would be the most feasible explanation of Sir Rufus' denial of the rumours as to his succeeding Lord Alverstone. It seems improbable, Lord Alverstone resigning at once, that Sir Rufus Isaacs could be his successor; and the statements in Liberal newspapers that he is consumed by a passionate desire for social reform, and wishes for nothing better than to continue his association in philanthropy with Mr. Lloyd George, seem to intimate that they are conscious of it. But his denial may simply mean that Lord Alverstone has not yet resigned; and in that case discussions as to his fitness or unfitness are premature, as the need does not immediately arise. If Lord Alverstone has indeed resigned, it would be a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the Government to keep the Chief Justiceship open without naming his successor, when the new legal year is so close at hand, and the work of the Courts has suffered so much from the absence of the Lord Chief Justice.

On the supposition that Lord Alverstone has resigned the announcement of his successor ought to be made within the next few days. The Government have no popularity to throw away in the country; and it would

be particularly awkward for them to raise once more the Marconi question—which they are above all things anxious to keep quiet and hush up—by an inopportune championing of Sir Rufus Isaacs' claims. From the Bar and the legal profession generally there would probably be little opposition, and the Bar's approval or disapproval of a Judge is usually a better guide than ordinary public opinion. In justice to Sir Rufus Isaacs it must be said that he appears to have lost none of his former popularity in his profession. But the Bar view and the public view are sometimes irreconcilable, as was seen when Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith held briefs for Sir Rufus in the "Matin" case. The Government understand well that they are up against a matter of politics that cannot be disposed of by quoting the custom and usage and expectations of the Bar. In any case we do not imagine that the Bar supposes it will lose a great Lord Chief Justice in Sir Rufus Isaacs, or gain one in Lord Justice Hamilton, who seems to be the only alternative candidate that occurs to anyone. Eminent though Sir Rufus has been at the Bar, he has not been distinguished for advocacy as Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Coleridge, and Lord Russell were; and his parliamentary achievements have not by any means surpassed those of the forum. The ideal Lord Chief Justice combines literary with forensic and parliamentary distinction. One hardly knows why Lord Justice Hamilton should be Lord Chief Justice, except that he is well known to certain potent members of the Government. He is pure lawyer, learned and acute, in place in the Appeal Court, with his proper destiny in the House of Lords. Neither his qualities nor experience enable us to recognise in him the apt Lord Chief Justice. If Lord Justice Hamilton is to be Lord Alverstone's successor it will only be because the uncertainties of politics are even more glorious than the glorious uncertainties of the law.

SOUTHAMPTON PILGRIMS.

THIS is the age of useless meetings and talk. Every reader will at once say assentingly "Parliament!" Of course, but we are thinking more of the Congress habit. It is a kind of stimulant. Last Tuesday, for example, two of these assemblages began, the International Syndicalist Congress in London and the Church Congress at Southampton. The purpose of the former was explained thus by one of the secretaries: "Syndicalism is anarchy organised. We are out to overthrow the present system of society. The social revolution will involve bloodshed, and be the French Revolution on a much bigger scale. We shall send the King out to work, abolish all forms of government, and release all prisoners in gaol, including murderers and wife-beaters. There will be no form of punishment, but perfect liberty of conduct." The Church Congress hardly sees eye to eye with these amiable sons and daughters of freedom, though it has its own large schemes for improving the world. But all congresses are alike in one thing—they put their trust in talk. If the Syndicalists really meant "red ruin and the breaking up of laws" they would not discuss their intentions in public, or waste money on printers' bills and the hiring of halls. And equally if the Churchmen—we use the word in the old English sense—really want to achieve they will cease discussing.

The Middle Ages were an era of gigantic construction and achievement because they acted and did not discuss. People say that a Church Congress lets off steam. But every ounce of steam is wanted. As the rural incumbent, when asked if he would like a Quiet Day in his parish, replied that what was really required was an earthquake, so the thing most needed for modern England, on the side of religion, is an explosion. It would be better if the Episcopate sat on the safety-valve of religious ardour than let it run to waste in a cloud of sermons, papers, and ten-minute speeches at a big ecclesiastical picnic. The Church of England is beginning to see this. It has been seriously discussed this summer whether it would

not be wiser to have triennial rather than annual Congresses—habits can only be broken off gradually.

For did anything ever come of Congress discussions? They are mostly confined to a small set of speakers whose ideas everyone knows already. Especially stereotyped are the opening sermons and presidential addresses—they might be written out by an expert beforehand. Modern religion is painfully and eagerly anxious to keep up—non passibus aquis—with the age. Carlyle made one of his cheap appeals to the Victorian gallery to boo the bishops and deans of the day for assembling to discuss convenient grace instead of human misery. Which is as though a medical congress were denounced for discussing antiseptics rather than mending bones and plastering wounds. But at any rate ecclesiastics do not meet now for theological debate. The talk is of housing and arbitration and women's rights and how to organise this, that, or the other practical and humanitarian object. The newspapers loudly applaud. But meanwhile the Bishop of Oxford, the one prelate who is not afraid to say unpopular things—and we do not forget that his views are not always ours—has warned the religious world of the rapidly approaching time when there will be no fundamentals of belief on which the Church will be prepared to insist. The old differences, indeed, between High Church and Evangelical which have produced a breeze at some Church Congresses have almost disappeared. The best Evangelical preaching is heard in High Church pulpits. But the gulf between liberal and supernaturalist thought goes on deepening. The new secularism is not hard and materialistic. It is rather a democratic naturalism tinged with pantheistic emotion. But the tide comes on and on and can no more be kept back by ecclesiastical playing with socialism than the waves could be kept back by words from Canute's chair, a few hundred yards—if tradition speaks truly—from the place where the Southampton Congress has been meeting this week.

Southampton, by the by, has another historic memory, which it has lately been celebrating. Visitors to the Church Congress have seen the monument just erected to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers for Holland in 1609. The idea that they were driven forth by Laud—who did not become Archbishop till 1633—to find civil and religious liberty in a strange land has, of course, passed finally into the domain of popular myths. It was the laws of a Puritan parliament which they found so irksome, and especially their inability to get the oppression of papist recusants made sharper still. They felt persecuted because they were not allowed to persecute. Another grievance was that the clergy among them were compelled to minister to all their parishioners as though Christ had died for them and not only for the elect. Arrived in the Low Countries "their zeal began to languish for want of oppositions" and they thought of America as a country where they could establish an exclusive theocracy of the saints and at the same time find—under charter from King James—an El Dorado. Landed in 1620 on Plymouth Rock—which York Powell used to wish had landed on them—the Pilgrims "first fell upon their knees, and then on th' aborigines". The further history of Plymouth and Massachusetts is one of prolonged oppression and barbarity perpetrated on all dissidents from the established religion, especially Prelatists, Papists, Socinians, and Friends. The last execution for religion in England took place in 1612. But as late as 1661 a Quaker perished on a New England scaffold, and when Charles II. interposed to stop further cruelties the prisons were crowded with victims. Full "freedom to worship God" was not granted to all till 1834.

It is necessary sometimes to recall a few facts like these—only last year every chapel rang with the conventional version of the Black Bartholomew of 1662. But the pilgrims were quite honest men who gladly suffered and gladly made others suffer for their faith. We have no doubt the deputation of the "Southampton Free Church Council" which presented an address

of welcome last Tuesday to the President of the Congress stands equally for loyalty to conviction. But where is the conviction? What has latter-day dissent in common with the old Commonwealth Puritanism—except indeed its successful establishment and endowment in the elementary schools under the alias of undenominationalism? Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, warned his fellow religionists some ten years ago that they were “becoming an institution to further the aims of one political party—the Liberal party”. To this alliance religious convictions are subordinated—e.g. as regards Home Rule. The retort that the Church is equally committed to the Conservative party does not correspond with facts, for of the bishops, deans, and other important persons on the platform at Southampton certainly half were Liberals—including the President and the Archbishop—and it is long since a Crown nomination was made on any other ground than that of competence plus Liberalism. Churchmen generally, to be sure, are Conservatives, but no one would deny a philosophic and spiritual affinity between systems based on authority and faith. The converse, no doubt, applies to non-Churchmen. They are naturally Liberals. True, qua non-Churchmen, but not true so far as Nonconformity retains a positive creed and bases its life on a supernatural discipline. Those characteristics, however, are rapidly disappearing as the sects abandon themselves more and more to the Liberal outlook upon all things.

THE LIBERAL VIEW.

BY A LIBERAL.

LORD S. ALDWYN'S letter in Wednesday's "Times" is an admirable example of that readiness to compromise which is the legendary foundation of British success in politics. No such tendency ever has existed in Ireland. It is too much to say that it never could exist and if Ireland be destined to try the parliamentary experiment on her own behalf, it is almost certain that in the end some capacity for compromise would be developed. At the present time the readiness to abandon something of what we consider essential in order to obtain equivalent concessions from an adversary is not an admired quality on the other side of the Irish Channel. Hitherto all the bargaining on Irish questions, large and small, has been carried out by their Saxon champions on this side. But then these gentlemen have never felt on Irish matters as a native feels. From the nature of things they could not. Apply this general proposition to the particular question which for the moment tops all others. Being imbued with this essentially British and illogical love of half-measures, Lords Loreburn and S. Aldwyn tell us we must compromise to avert civil war. But they differ in their advice as to the way in which we are to set about it. Both these statesmen have "passed the Chair", they have nothing more to gain, and therefore to the ordinary man at first it seems that they may safely be followed. But no Liberal who has been much in Ireland or has any idea of the feelings of Irish politicians, even though he may not share them, will be deceived for a moment as to settlement being easy. Nor is he quite sure that the duty of the Ministry to placate the four recalcitrant counties is as plain as it seems to be to retired politicians.

The mere party hack on both sides may be left out of account. But even many sober-minded Liberals firmly believe that the only object of many of his opponents is to draw as much profit for themselves from the present situation as they can. He has heard them say that the use of any weapons against such a crew as this is justified. They desire to force a General Election which they believe they could win. Ireland is merely the excuse, the real object is to "down" Lloyd George. This is a belief widely spread among responsible Liberals, and it has certainly not been without encouragement from your side. There is a

strong disposition even among steady-going Liberals who put two and two together to read recent events in some such fashion as this. Frantic efforts have been made by certain politicians, hot-headed, but with influence behind the scenes, to draw the Crown into the controversy, so that the Bill should be held up at least till after a General Election. The promoters of the Ulster combine were firmly persuaded that the supreme agency would in the end be successfully invoked. They might then have retired gracefully from their position under cover of a national decision. This is not held to apply to Sir E. Carson but to most of the others.

The steady-going business men or lawyers, of whom the bulk of the party is composed, dislike disorder, and have no very enthusiastic or romantic attachment to the Irish Cause. Being as a rule Nonconformists, they will not go with a light heart into any business which involves the shooting down of Protestants to put them under a Catholic régime. They are well aware that, whatever their justification, it must bring discredit on the Government and would be a sorry opening for a system which is to consolidate the Union of Hearts. The danger for the four Orange counties is that, so much powder having been strewn about, at any moment the spark may fall upon it. In the event of any aggression against the police in which a policeman lost his life, the rank and file Liberal would find all his doubts removed and would acquiesce in any severity the Government might then feel justified in employing, and so we feel sure would the country at large.

There are two other grounds which would lead Liberals to look warily on any advance towards a compromise. The first is one of principle. If Liberalism means anything it is that those who hold with the creed believe in the right of people to govern themselves and in government by the majority. Unless some overwhelming argument can be brought to bear against this view they are bound to support it. This is the only logical basis on which the present alliance with the Irish Nationalists exists. Without it it becomes the mere log-rolling conspiracy which the Tory journalist is fond of depicting. On every other ground of principle the logical alliance should be between Irish and Tories, who agree on such questions as Land Taxation, Liquor Laws, Religious Education, and probably Protective Duties far more clearly than do Irish and Liberals. This would be very clearly seen directly a National Assembly got to work in Ireland.

The second reason that forbids Liberals to surrender anything for the sake of peace that the Nationalists hold essential is that the Irish members have been the most faithful supporters the Liberal programme has had. The taxation of the licensed trade and land in the Budget of 1909 was loathed in Ireland, the Insurance Act is hated far more deeply. It is not merely frothy demonstration and nonsensical protests against licking stamps, but a deep and permanent conviction that it is unsuited to the circumstances of the country, and is therefore unnecessary and oppressive. Yet all these things the Nationalist party steadily voted for and put on the Statute Book. The only excuse they have alleged to their constituents has been that it was done to secure Home Rule. The Liberal party would practise the basest betrayal in our political history if they lightly abandoned their allies. The answer given by Tories is that such cynical log-rolling has no moral obligation, to which Liberals would reply that this is a misdescription. It is merely the same process as is carried on inside all parties, a slight evil is accepted to gain a great good, and these obnoxious measures were not believed even by Irishmen to be necessarily bad in themselves, but not to be suitable for Ireland in their existing form. They have, too, been modified in their operation to suit circumstances. I am pretty confident that this is in the main the point of view of ordinary sensible Liberals. They mean, however, to avoid if they can the discredit and squalor involved in knocking Belfast workmen on the head, but they will not whittle down Home Rule to County Council government. The majority of Liberals, however, do recognise that there

lies a deep abiding hatred and distrust in four Irish counties of what they believe would be government by Rome. These people have some right to anticipate jobbery under an Irish Parliament; for jobbery is the rule under Castle government; and never more flagrant than under a Liberal régime. The Castle exists by jobbery, which is habitually practised by both parties in turn. The system was never worse than it is to-day. Liberals believe that under a popular Government things in this respect cannot possibly be worse than they are now, and will almost certainly grow better.

Even Unionist opinion now recognises that the existing system is doomed. Why should it be impossible for the great mass of sensible men on both sides to combine to enforce on their noisy friends the only feasible solution for the present? To leave out the recalcitrant four Orange counties from the Irish Parliament and let them try to conduct their own affairs? In spite of protestations before very long circumstances would force them in to the benefit of everyone, as Natal joined United South Africa. This is rapidly becoming the view of sane Liberals. Surely this is a solution, even if a temporary one, towards which sane Unionists might without *arrière pensée* lend a helping hand!

MUNICIPAL MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IF a fault can be found with a Londoner at all it is that for some strange reason he considers himself immeasurably superior to the provincial. Whence the Cockney derived this notion it is impossible for me to tell. After long looks into the inspired books I am still left in suspense as to why a concert at a place called Brighton should of necessity be considered inferior to a concert given in London. Brighton is an amusing place, but it possesses a very fine conductor, of whom I wrote last year—Mr. Lyell-Taylor. As I do not know him personally, I may perhaps be forgiven if I indulge in a few words in recompense of an unexpected pleasure. First of all he conducted all his Wagner excerpts at a fine pace, a tremendous pace, which showed at least that the conductor was not lacking in zeal, energy, and knowledge. Mr. Lyell-Taylor is indeed one of the finest conductors we have in these great islands. Had he been planted in London instead of this out-of-the-way village he would be regarded by now as the superior of—I don't mention anyone in particular—and anyhow it is no desire of mine to draw distinctions, invidious or other. The "Tannhäuser" overture and sundry other things were played by Mr. Lyell-Taylor and his brave forces with a vigour, and also, it must be said, with a beauty, that beat everything I have heard since Felix Mottl was at the zenith of his strength. But it is not so much of Mr. Lyell-Taylor's personal force I want to speak to-day as of the forces behind him that have enabled him out of the rawest of raw material to create as fine a band for its size as can be heard anywhere in Europe. At Brighton, although there are plenty of stupid people on the Front, there seem to be singularly few or none in the Council Chamber. The Council will probably thank me for nothing; but, finding a set of gentlemen so artistic, I cannot refrain from paying them an irresponsible compliment. At least one may compliment them on the artistic taste they show in finding—and what is more than finding, retaining—so perfect an artist as Mr. Lyell-Taylor.

There is not a huge lot to be said about the concerts I have so far heard. The conductor will perhaps excuse me for saying that he took everything about two hundred and fifty thousand times too fast; if he disagrees with my view of his tempo then I challenge him to prove that I am wrong. His enthusiasm is a thing I love, and I trust he will enter upon no dispute with me. A few words more must be said about the artists. Ridiculous though it may seem, I reckon the musicians first—I mean the band. The municipal band of Brighton is not a large one, and probably a good deal of rescoring of Wagner's music is needed—the sort of re-

scoring Richter used to do in ancient, almost forgotten, days in London. The men played with the same energy as that with which Mr. Lyell-Taylor conducted, with the same sense of the sublime beauty of Wagner's music. There was a chorus, too, which behaved in a handsome manner. The solo singers, Miss Marie Barlow and Mr. Arthur Heather, were not only adequate but much more than adequate. The whole concert was perfectly delightful; not for years have I enjoyed one so much.

The reader may inquire why I devote so much time to a concert in a seaside town. London is, I suppose, rather a large town, and it is certainly a very rich one. Are there any municipal bands there? Of course, there are the parks bands, and no one has written concerning them more enthusiastically than I have. But they are not bands like the Brighton municipal band. They play excellently; the conductors conduct excellently. But they never attempt such things as the whole of the last act of "Tannhäuser". Why not? Because they are not rigged out for the occasion. And again, why not? Because our good municipal legislators in London care not a rap about music or art in any shape or form. I doubt whether there is a single London County Councillor who knows the difference between a Bach fugue and one of Mr. Gladstone's political speeches. Not a ha'penny will they vote for serious music other than the music which attracts crowds in the parks. Here, at Brighton, they have either better taste or more sense. Mr. Lyell-Taylor's band has been a handsome source of deficit to the town until recently; that deficit has been borne without flinching by genteel tradesmen and industrious retired colonels and generals. And now after a couple of years under the present régime the thing begins to show a profit. Should such a thing happen in our mighty London of course it would be stopped at once. At a mere provincial place like Brighton they have much to learn. They have yet to learn to be totally inartistic.

Municipal orchestras, as leading to municipal opera, having occupied my thoughts for many years, I must needs go and hear the Brighton orchestra for a short while on many days. I have heard, among other things, the Russian ballet. Heard, I say advisedly, for though these shows do not much amuse my eyes, the thumps the dancers made on the stage, and the music of the orchestra, immensely interested me. And I have made a grand discovery. There is a place called the Aquarium, which is full of fishes and an organ. With a small orchestra Mr. Lyell-Taylor achieves wondrous results in such works as Wagner's Good Friday Music; and only a night or two ago I heard even more surprising results in Mozart's famous piano-duet with orchestra. This was beautifully played by two young ladies who have yet to win their fame in London—the Misses Truman. Each has an exquisite sense of style, grace, and not very much power. But the marvellous way in which all the members of the orchestra combined to keep the thing hanging together was beyond all praise: once in a September of thirty-nine days do we hear such playing. It is a joy to a critic to find anything to praise, and here, in this village raised into prominence or protuberance by the Regent or Thackeray, I have found much to praise. And what will the ordinary Brighton-goer who expects only to hear "Listen to the Band" say, or at least think, when I tell him these ears heard a very splendid rendering of the Fifth Symphony—the Fifth Symphony I say, because there is only one Fifth in the world—what would he say, say I? The fault I have alluded to earlier—the fault, that is, of wanting to take everything many thousand times too quick—displayed itself gloriously. The pace of the first movement was preposterous. "Thus Fate knocks at the door", said Beethoven; but our conductor made it sound more like a porter shutting a railway-carriage door. To enumerate all the shortcomings at once, let me add that parts of the divine slow movement were like the driving of a coach and one hundred and twenty-four through as many Acts of Parliament, that the scherzo was also given too fast, and that the conductor's nerves ran away with him in

the finale. But on the whole it was a splendid rendering—marvellous, indeed, when one reckons his small resources—and one it was worth while coming all the way to Brighton to hear. There will be much more to say on an all-important subject, but for the moment it must be left with the remark that London does not deserve a municipal band or a band of any other sort: London cares nothing for music.

PLAYS WITHOUT SEX.

By JOHN PALMER.

SITTING upon one's hat is a comic or a tragic episode according to the way in which it is presented to the imagination. Presented as a sudden sharp descent from the sublimity of man as a creature of divine discourse to his ridiculous position as a creature subjected to the slings and arrows of every day, it instinctively raises laughter in the disinterested spectator as a sudden revelation of the incongruity between man's lofty spiritual pretensions and his absurdity as an animal born naked into the world. This laughter is not necessarily mocking or cruel; for everyone is liable to sit upon his hat, and the man who laughs to-day knows that the joke will be against him to-morrow. But, though this instinctive laughter is not positively cruel, it is negatively unsympathetic. It implies that our feelings are not affected by the incident. Once we begin to refer the incident to our emotions, we begin to perceive that there are tragic possibilities. Presented comically, without an appeal to sympathy, sitting upon one's hat is purely ludicrous. Presented tragically, as the base, material disaster of a fellow-creature, sitting upon one's hat opens up a whole vista of tearful suggestions. Suppose the hat to be the only presentable hat of a laborious City clerk, who is expected to rear a family and to be shinely respectable upon thirty-five shillings a week. These trifling circumstances vividly presented to the imagination give quite a different turn to an otherwise diverting incident.

Sitting upon one's hat is an allegory. Most of the accidents to which our silly flesh is heir are susceptible of comedy, pathos, tragedy, awfulness, pleasantry, utter ridicule, or horse-laughter. Among such accidents we may, for the purposes of this article, include the adventures and the infidelities of sex. Sex may be stripped of emotion and treated purely as fun, or it may be explored as the material of a spiritual tragedy. There are a thousand facts and incidents of our lives which are enormous jokes or deadly serious woes according as they are presented to us as the primitive stuff of thoughtless laughter or as events that feelingly persuade us what we are. There is a classic story of a man who saw his legs shot off in the heat of a battle the perceptible fraction of an instant before he felt the pain. He was seen to be just at the point of bursting into loud laughter at the queer vision of his legs parting from his body when his face changed into an expression of the most dreadful agony. Most of us have had this sort of experience in a less sensational degree. Stripped of their invitation to emotional sympathy many incidents are purely comical which otherwise presented are pathetic and serious and terrible. The idea of cutting off a person's head is quite a funny idea till we realise it from the person's point of view. To come to the main point of this article, sex also may be quite funny if we are not emotionally involved. There is a sense in which the idea of sex is neither more nor less a laughing matter than sitting upon one's hat or losing one's head. But we must be quite clear as to the conditions. Every comic writer of distinction has realised that a funny treatment of sex is brutally stupid, disingenuous, and base if the author has not clearly realised the necessity of stripping it of any possible appeal to the emotions. All the classical sex farces in literature are really not sexual at all. There is nowhere any appeal to sex emotion. Sex is funny only when it is drily treated as a kind of fleshless horseplay. The

anxieties of the *cocu* real or imaginary, the adventures of indefatigable vieux garçons, are merely stock conventions of fun, old as the Pyramids, and purged in the spectator's mind of any real preoccupation with sexual emotion. Arrest, at any moment, your laughter at the turns and chances of a good sex farce, and you will find in it no trace of sexual feeling so long as your author is a genuine comic writer and respects the classical traditions of his *métier*. In a really comic treatment of sex you are never conscious of the presence of Aphrodite. Aphrodite only intrudes when the author's treatment of sex becomes actually sexual; when his language and incidents suggest an erotic ardour—in a word, as soon as the author ceases to be an ingenious farceur and becomes merely a nasty man of the town. Any suggestion of inflamed sexual feeling completely kills the fun of a sex play. Only a cad can be funny about sex when once an active emotional element has intruded.

One of the best sex farces ever written is Wycherley's "The Country Wife". "The Country Wife" is a clean, classical treatment of sex fun. Like all good sex farces, it is a play entirely without sex. Sexual emotion is never once invoked. As Wycherley has retorted upon the silly critics of nearly two hundred and fifty years—there is no "passionate or luscious" saying in his play. The fun of Mr. Horner's career is the fun of a small boy who tumbles upon his nose in chase of a butterfly. Such chasing and tumbling is quite susceptible of a tragic presentment; but Wycherley has not so presented it. Our laughter at "The Country Wife"—supposing we are normally sexed, clean-minded men and women—is instinctive primitive laughter at a series of grotesque adventures. Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor", a sex farce of the classical type, is equally a play without sex; or, if a good modern English example is required, there is "The Importance of Being Earnest".

Unhappily we have in England, for the moment at any rate, lost the capacity of treating sex in the comic and colourless way of farce. "Dear Old Charlie"—now the classical example of an undesirable French importation—is a disgusting play, not because it is a funny treatment of sex (we have seen that a really funny treatment of sex cannot be offensive because it cannot be sexual), but because it has precisely that furtive suggestion of erotic tension which makes a funny treatment of sex impracticable. The same applies, in a greater or less degree, to nearly all bowdlerised English versions of French farces. In proportion as they are anglicised, they become disgusting. The English adapter approaches an absolutely colourless sex farce from Paris with a fixed idea that French farces are too wicked for an English audience. He reads into dry adventures of their people a grave social significance. He looks at French farce through the spectacles of an English sentimentalist, and reads reckless riots of Aphrodite into the merely intellectual ingenuity of a French comic writer playing with the recognised conventions of his *métier*. The raised temperature of the English adapter, self-consciously on his guard against a too outrageous impropriety, prompts him to make in the farce precisely those improvements in morality which transform the frank jollity of clean horseplay into a stealthy obscenity. The classical sex-farce or play without sex has become a play wherein sex of the shamefast amorist is suggested in every line.

The temporary abeyance of our ability to write, or even to adapt, sex farces in London is conceivably due to the immediately serious frame of mind induced in a modern audience by the bare mention of anything to do with sex or marriage. The general feeling just now is that sex is no laughing matter. If this be so, the sex farce should be left alone. The sex farce is either non-moral and not sexual at all, or it is merely nasty.

I had intended in this article to discuss the merits of some French importations now running at the Garrick, the Criterion, and the Queen's Theatre. But

this introduction has outrun my intention. Intelligent playgoers—if intelligent playgoers have not yet learned to avoid French adaptations—will easily be able to point the moral of these observations for themselves.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

ORDINARILY a book named "Men and Rails" * is about the last I should think of reading, still less of reviewing. For one thing—to my shame, I know next to nothing about the working of a railway. A railway attracts me immensely, and always has, through the sound and rush of its mighty engines and trucks. I lived close to a great line once half the week for some years and I gloried in going down a lonely field-lane, climbing up on to the steep chalk bank, and lying down for hours on its grassy side. There I studied butterflies—lovely tiny Bedford blues with a delicate white edging to their wings, jaunty little skippers, and the rest—by the Lichfield cutting. There I watched the crimson burnet moth on the purple knapweed, and tried to spot the nests of pipits in the long grass and of linnets in the dense beech or hornbeam hedge below. Still more I revelled in the sensations given by the passing trains, the expresses and even the goods trains. As they thundered by just above me the whole embankment shook and shivered and I with it. That and the grand sound and the sense of isolation and secrecy were to my taste extremely good. Nor could one ever weary of watching the fire of these black and red monsters storming through the country after dark.

The irresistible might of the thing always strikes home to me. The might of the train appeals to me, I think, even more than the splendid crash of its music.

That sums up what I chiefly know or feel about trains and railway lines, except a few notes that one or two engine-driver readers of mine have given me about the birds, thrushes or wrynecks, that have dashed on to the plates at night and tried to flutter into the fires—that mystic lure of moths to light. But a great friend of mine chanced to show me a copy of a book called "Men and Rails" lately. He told me it was written by a great friend of his who is a strong Socialist and reformer tremendously in earnest and for years a worker himself on the rails. He said it deserved a good review, and he was right. The author is all his friend described him. He is fiercely in earnest, absolutely sincere; and when he writes of the iron work he has often seen and shared, it is hard to put the book down.

Watching trains as they rush full speed through the country, I have long been impressed by the idea that they have a masterful personality of their own. Especially this idea impresses me at night. I think they wake to full personality after dark like "Egdon Heath" in "The Return of the Native". It never strikes one as a very kind personality, but I did not realise how grim and vengeful the nature of a railway train is till I read two chapters called "Killed and Maimed" and "Shunters' Risks" in Mr. Kenney's book. The lines in "Heine's Grave",

"thick-crashing, insane
Tyrannous tempests of bale",

express well enough the character of a train that has got its own wicked way and fairly run amok; but even when it is quiescent in a siding or a station, without the alcohol of steam in it, the railway train is evidently full of fell design. Even a single detached truck or carriage can never be trusted. We sometimes idly watch a man or two moving under or between the buffers and coupling or uncoupling a truck, and it does not seem at all a risky or exciting feat. At least it never struck me as a dangerous feat. The fact that the train is at rest or barely moving disarms one's suspicions.

* "Men and Rails." By Rowland Kenney. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

The shunter, however, can tell a very different tale—especially the man engaged in yard shunting, if he lives to tell it. This work is done by capstans driven by hydraulic pressure, and by hempen ropes. The mechanism is worked in a pit, a man and a boy—a "nipper"—being allotted to each capstan. I cannot rightly comprehend the working of it, but I gather that something takes charge and then the capstans revolve at a great speed—and accidents happen. Mr. Kenney says that last year one in eight capstanmen was killed or injured. Or sometimes a nipper catches it instead. In his chapter on "Shunters' Risks" he gives some startling figures for shunting generally—one in every ten shunters being slain or injured in 1912! Further, for the past six years 45 per cent. of all accidents during shunting work have been due to coupling and uncoupling, braking, "spragging", or "chocking" wheels. It looks as if the railway train after all were less fell when under the influence of steam than when inert.

Such then is the toll of the train. Assume the figures to be true—or anything like true—it is frightful. On the strength of these figures Mr. Kenney attacks the Board of Trade for not insisting on better safeguards. He says that in America in 1893 about 45 per cent. of all shunting accidents were due to coupling and uncoupling work, whereas the percentage dropped to seven and a half in 1907 and in 1909 to five and a quarter—the result of safer appliances.

Either Mr. Kenney's figures have gone mad or the case against the authorities is very black. He calls the Board of Trade "supine"; but the term is too parliamentary if his facts and figures about England and America are not insane.

When Mr. Kenney turns aside from capstans and couplings, fascinating though terrible pages into which there seems to enter the very ring of the rails; when he turns aside to whack the wicked landowners who got too much money out of the railway companies, my attention flags—the tale is so old and stale. It flags quite as much when he tells me about the understanding between the two wicked front benches in Parliament, an understanding, roughly, to cheat or kill the workers; for that story is almost as old as the other, and Mr. Labouchere used to tell it, various versions of it, so much better.

Where Mr. Kenney interests one greatly, and moves one, is not when he is pitching into the landowners and Mr. Asquith and so on, but when he is telling what he knows—what he has seen and felt and shared. There are tears of blood in his story of the worker who stumbled under the train in the dark because the lamp was bad and lost both legs in an instant and lay for hours in agony wondering what would happen to his wife and children, and being lied to for mercy's sake by his friend who told him he would soon be out of hospital.

Mr. Kenney traces in broad outline the history of trade unionism as it touches the railway workers. He is fierce against the companies, scornful of all tact or suave counsel. He gives us only his side—there appears to be no other in his view, except a side of sharks and sweaters. But discount his case heavily because of his prejudice, it yet remains that trade unionism has raised the wages and shortened the hours of the worker on the line. The thing is absolutely clear to me. I could as soon doubt there is such a thing as a railway or such a thing as the earth—one might be safer in doubting that because, as Richard Jefferies said in some of his last words, "perhaps I shall find out, when I pass away physically, that as a matter of fact there never was any earth". It is idle to overlook the work of the unions in hours and pay: the thing can be proved like a sum—the figures prove it. Nor can I see that much is served by not recognising the unions. The ostrich plan of hiding one's head in the sand is always vain; it is still absurd when we only pretend to put our head into the sand and are really looking up and round to see what the foe is doing. The whole time one is not recognising

a union, is one not recognising it really for all it is worth?

Mr. Kenney touches on recognition of course. He touches on most of the trade union questions with one curious exception—he has nothing to say about the thing that some cynic by a stroke of genius called "peaceful persuasion". Perhaps this is because neither adjective nor noun is in his strong vocabulary. Peaceful persuasion always strikes me as the most cruel practice in the world of work. Excuses are found for it, excuses have always been found in plenty for crimes against freedom; they make it meaner. The right of a man to work, and to work as hard as he chooses, for himself and his home is the most simple elemental law of life. Hardly the old slave-drivers denied it. It is not denied openly to-day, but is evaded by a euphemism.

I have wondered sometimes, had I been born to hang paper or make boots—instead of making books—should I have been a hot unionist or a cold free-labour man? Environment has clearly a world to do with forming disposition and character, and I suppose the environment of paper-hanger or bootmaker inclines a man as a rule to Mr. Rowland Kenney's hot gospel, even more than if he is born to be a bookmaker.

Yet, I don't know, I think on the whole I should have been what is called a blackleg. Peaceful persuasion would have been too much for me. I must accept the description then—I should have turned out a blackleg. But there would have been an equally good title, too, for men who, by brute numbers, and by threats and jeers, and by bullying prevented me following what I felt to be the prime and right instinct, the instinct of fending and striving might and main for *τὸ τε ἴδιον καὶ τὸ ἀγαπῆτόν*. The title, namely, of blackguards.

JOHNSON AND GOUGH SQUARE.

JOHNSON'S house in Gough Square, Fleet Street, is being divested of a century's grime by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth's design of turning the place into a Johnson Museum. Mr. Harmsworth may earn little gratitude from his countrymen; the Englishman accepts these things with a surly matter-of-factness that is hardly encouraging. But Americans will certainly call him blessed—for the American appetite for things Johnsonian is insatiable. Johnson is second to one alone, and in one sense he comes before Shakespeare himself. For to Americans he is the true British bulldog, the man they seek everywhere in England to-day, with a perpetual survival of hope over experience. American conceptions of the nature of Johnson's claims to fame may be sometimes nebulous. There is at least one woman from Chicago who believed him to be the original landlord of a Fleet Street tavern that flourishes on his memory. But, whether they know Boswell or not, Americans persist in admiring Johnson. Which is curious—for Johnson said hard things about Americans.

Gough Square must be known by someone in every American town, from Alaska to Florida. But probably not one Londoner out of a thousand has ever troubled to pass from the roar of Fleet Street in search of the tiny flagged court invested with imperishable memories of a great man, who happens also to be a second-rate writer. In 1832 Carlyle, "not without labour and risk", on the second day of search discovered Gough Square, and found Johnson's house much as Johnson left it, and much as it is to-day. "A stout old-fashioned oak-balustraded house", in the heavy Georgian style, not without dignity, if only the dignity of honest construction and adaptation to purpose. It was then let in lodgings, and Carlyle had a talk with the proprietor, but could elicit nothing but "the foolishlest jumble and hallucination". "'Here, you see', said the worthy landlord, 'this bedroom was the doctor's study; that was his garden' (a plot of delved land somewhat larger than a bed quilt), 'where he walked for exercise; these three garrets' (where his three copyists sat and wrote)

'were the place he kept his—pupils in! Tempus edax rerum. Yet ferax also, for our friend added with a wistful look, which strove to seem merely historical, 'I let it all in lodgings to respectable gentlemen, by the quarter or the month; it's all one to me'."

The "bed quilt" is gone, the lodgers have long been dust, terms of tenancy are now emphatically "all one" to the landlord; but the house is not much altered. Unless the decorators mar its dingy sedateness by too assertive a touch of spick-and-span modernity, it will continue to be in fair harmony with its surroundings. For, though no hermitage, the square has still a flavour of the old world. The roar of machinery smites the ear; the buildings have broken out into a leprosy of enamelled-iron trade signs; the very air seems here to be a night worker, unfit for business until after sunset. At high noon illusion is difficult. But by midnight the messenger boys have gone home and the ghosts have begun to venture out. Gough Square, where the dictionary was born; Bolt Court, where Johnson died; Wine Office Court, where Goldsmith lodged; Johnson's Court and the rest are now peopled once more by the mighty dead. One can hear in fancy Johnson laughing, as the scandalised Boswell says, "almost louder than human" in the silence of the night until his voice "seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch". One can almost see the gallant doctor as he escorted a foreign lady visitor to her carriage in Fleet Street—"clad in his rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes for slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose". It is enchanted ground under the stars, for all the whirr of the printing presses. Not in Venice itself does the past seem more intrinsically one with the present.

It was Johnson in the making, not Johnson the complete oracle, that lived and drudged for Cave and Dodsley in the Gough Square house from 1748 to 1758. Here the manful pedant, burdened with a diseased body and a partially clouded intellect, toiled with his amanuenses over the dictionary which brought him fame but left him a prey to the Sheriff's officer. "The Rambler" and "The Idler" were conceived, and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" composed, in the house that was half residence and half workshop. Here died Johnson's strange life partner, the "poor dear Tetty", whose charms none but her husband could appreciate, and whose name mingled in his prayers for thirty years. From Gough Square the "respectable Hottentot" penned that famous letter over which Carlyle rhapsodises as the "blast of doom proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and through him of the listening world, that patronage should be no more".

The Johnson of Gough Square had, in a word, emerged from early wretchedness, but was not yet great. His back was definitely turned on the days when he and Savage wandered in Grosvenor Square homeless, talking high politics, and "vowing to stand by the country"—with fourpence-halfpenny between them. He was no longer obliged to conceal his residence—now in Greenwich, now in Lambeth Marsh, again in some garret off Fleet Street or the Strand—evading any inquiry by "I am to be found at such and such a coffee-house". "Clean-shirt day" had ceased necessarily to be an infrequent festival in his calendar, though the slovenliness born of penury had become a matter of habit; nor was he restricted to a penny for breakfast and sixpence for dinner, thankful that it was no worse.

On the other hand, the Johnson Club was still unborn. Bute and his pension were undreamed of; the name of Boswell had no meaning to Johnson; and years were to elapse before he could dominate a society that included Burke and Percy and Reynolds and Gibbon. Brewer Thrale and his little butterfly wife, destined one day to give the Doctor his nearest approach to what he would have called a "foppish" heartache, yet moved in a world wholly separate from Grub Street. The tyranny of the printer's devil, than which there could be no harsher despotism to a man of Johnson's disposition, was absolute; it looked as if he would be for ever turning out uninspired hack-work to pay his daily

shot. Had he died in Gough Square we should care as little about him as we do about his friend Savage or his detractor Churchill. Johnson is the solitary example of a distinguished literary man gaining in fame by ceasing to write. The man was so much greater than the author that his full stature could only be realised when he was at liberty to be altogether himself.

By common consent Johnson's peculiar power of fascination, admitted by every able man of his time, and felt by thousands to-day, is attributed to the perfection of his table talk. The explanation is not quite satisfactory. Other men have talked as wisely and wittily as Johnson, and are forgotten. Others are remembered but not loved. Solomon's proverbs remain literature after some thousands of years. But no human being ever felt a wish to know and chat with Solomon, to discuss over a bottle of wine every subject, from harems to the nature of evil. Johnson's appeal is to something deeper than mere intellect. He dominates us, as he dominated his contemporaries, by the prodigal richness of his humanity. We love him for the same reason that a woman loves a man—because he is he. We find him far from perfect, but we would rather spare a virtue than a fault. The virtues are other people's; the faults are his own, and therefore precious. Johnson was often unjust and wrong-headed. But what Scotchman, even, likes him the worse for that?

Macaulay, for whom nothing existed that could not be reduced to a syllogism and illustrated by an antithesis, made much of Johnson's "low prejudices". The prejudice may be admitted without qualification. The "lowness" depends on the point of view. Many of Johnson's prejudices were merely the half-humorous overstatement of a protest against half-truths masquerading as whole truths. Others were the offspring of an insight too deep to be entirely articulate. After all, Johnson was generally right in his conclusions on the very subjects which provoked him to his worst nonsense. No man saw more clearly the tendencies of his time, though he could not always find logical justification for his prepossessions. His Toryism may have been temperamental, but we now know that his instinct served him better than reason did other men. His own understanding was acute, and he prided himself on his argumentative powers; but he is never more to be distrusted than when he has silenced an opponent by some apparently triumphant retort. But when he speaks under the inspiration of prejudice naked and unashamed he usually appeals to a modern as a man immensely before his time. There was in him stuff that could be wholly revealed no more in his talk than in his bookish dialect.

His prejudices at least have made him immortal. A symmetrical Johnson would have little interest for us to-day. Johnson remains nearly a century and a half after his death the most intimate figure of the eighteenth century, simply because he was measurable by no known standard—an amorphous leviathan, compact of every contradiction, inexpressibly foolish in small things, of godlike insight in great, hovering ever on the verge of madness, but retaining a glorious sanity in essentials. The Pitts and Chathams and Mansfields, the Pelhams and Walpoles, even the Popes and Gibbons are now at best but pale abstractions. Johnson alone stands out from a phantom world ruddy with the hue of life. He is more real than our neighbour of twenty years' standing, almost as real as the parent thirty years dead. Great is the mystery of personality. Johnson left no work comparable in intrinsic value with Clarendon's history, but nobody gives Clarendon a thought when passing the site of "Dunkirk House" in Piccadilly. Only the curious know or care where it stood.

But who that has ever soothed a sleepless night with Boswell's restful chatter can penetrate the purlieus of Fleet Street without seeing, as in the flesh, the slovenly old scholar, with "Bozzy" at his heels, puffing his "Now, sir" and "Why, sir?" or resenting some exceptional impertinence (like the question about orange peels) with a testy "You are pleased to be rude, sir", or "Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility"?

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TRUTH ON THE STAGE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Buxton, 28 September 1913.

SIR,—The letter from "Onlooker" headed "Truth on the Stage" in the SATURDAY REVIEW of yesterday challenges examination both as to its general principles and as to its application of them to your dramatic critic.

"Onlooker" says "Truth on the stage has no connexion with truth off the stage". This, I submit, is a very transparent and mischievous error. What I suppose "Onlooker" means is that "Facts on the stage have no connexion with facts off the stage". Thus the facts of the "Midsummer Night's Dream", of the "Tempest", of the "Blue Bird" are plainly absurd and impossible. But the essential truth of these plays is unimpeachable and is the same truth, both in the unreal world of the stage and the actual world of life and philosophy. This truth can be easily translated from the one world to the other.

"Onlooker" says "Your dramatic critic has reduced the drama"—I suppose he means "has reduced dramatic criticism"—"to mathematics". Here "Onlooker" is unwittingly giving high praise to your dramatic critic, for he implicitly says that he has reduced his criticism so far as possible to an exact science—that is to say, it squares with great rules.

But the same may be said of all durable art criticism; that is, so far as it is criticism and not a literary effort valuable for its style. It is because Aristotle and Lessing judged the drama from great permanent rules and not from their immediate whims, impressions, and personal prejudices—it is this reason that gives lasting value and light to their dramatic criticism and makes them the surest guides to the young modern playwright.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may justly take pride in its dramatic criticisms of the last twenty years, and the present series is worthy to rank with the articles of "G. B. S." and "Max". Indeed the latest articles contain perhaps surer and sounder criticism than those of your two former brilliant contributors, because the present critic knows his business is a science and more often judges plays from great permanent rules.

Will "Onlooker" glance at the admirable article on melodrama in the current number (27 September)?

Yours faithfully,

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THE ROMANTIC MR. BARKER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—If your dramatic critic will allow me to ask the question, has it ever struck Mr. Shaw that he is in league with a romanticist, a thing more abhorrent from him than ever the lion would have been from Androcles if the latter had not happened to have been a member of the Anti-Vivisection League (which thing is for a fable and an allegory)? Heine, who was nearly as good a critic as the only one of them who ever came near to being a critic at all, to wit Oscar Wilde—Heine distinguished classical from romantic art in this way, that classical art meant what it said; romantic art, by process of symbolism or parabolism, meant something else as well. Thus, if you write a poem about a magic forest and you really intend that forest to mean your lady's hair or the intricacies of Hell you are a romanticist. If you call a spade a spade you are a classic. (If you call it a particular form of shovel, I do not know what you would be, but you would please Mr. Shaw.)

Now there would seem to be no harm in romanticism thus defined, except that as a method it would a priori not give one the strength of a more single and direct way of looking at things. Mr. Shaw, however, has definitely defined romanticism in art, to which he is an implacable enemy, as what is spurious and, I think

he added, cheap. Mr. Shaw who, while being an admirable critic of life, can never be got to use his terms scientifically and other than loosely when dealing with art, Mr. Shaw, who cannot separate art from philosophy, probably means by romantic art which preaches a romantic philosophy; also, since he lived and fought in the days when all stage plays were theatrical and therefore false he probably used the phrase as a convenient and comprehensive one with which to damn all art which was not art. But one of the charms of life is the discovery we are continually making and re-making of the fact that if you dig deep enough into the souls of two apparently very dissimilar people, or if you follow the streams flowing back from apparently contradictory or far apart expressions of truth, you ultimately come to a point of confluence, of coincidence. And this point of confluence or coincidence must, when the two expressions deal with art, be the point at which we have got beyond questions of morals or philosophy or taste and have arrived at the absolute æsthetic law; in other words, when criticism has become scientific, as ideally it can be and will be when it is older. It has been fumbling towards science (like religion and morals) for about 150 years. And science though it sounds nasty is merely another name for clearing the ground on which you wish to build.

The point at which Mr. Shaw's vague but vigorous denunciation of romanticism in art, and Heine's more profound implication of its inferiority meet and agree, became clear to me after seeing Mr. Barker's "The Harlequinade". Each man was simply saying "Art which is not art is not art", but the effort to say it cost them many words, in Heine's case the language being profounder than in Mr. Shaw's. Heine would have been puzzled to give an answer in terms of absolute law if you put him the question why a work of art in which a forest stood for the intricacies of Hell should ipso facto be inferior to a work of art in which a forest stood for simply a forest, and he would have had to admit that in any sort of art worth the name the forest would wake in our minds a consciousness of many great things other than a forest. But Heine saw in Germany the results of this romanticism. He spoke of its leading to monkish mysticism and unintelligibility; he saw that people who followed this method fell further and more easily from the high places of art, and so he had an uncomfortable feeling in the presence of all romantic art. Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, took refuge in morals; the artist in him was uncomfortable in the presence of bad art, and since this bad art preached a philosophy he hated he said it was bad art because it preached a bad philosophy, though it might have been equally bad art if it had preached a philosophy of any sort. Now why does this method lead easily to bad art, and in what way can we make Mr. Shaw and Heine coincide? You can get some sort of an answer from watching "The Harlequinade". In this Mr. Barker tries to deal with the gods, and the childlike spirit, and feeling, and imagination and vision and all the big things of the golden age. If he had been working directly with these things it would have become apparent, probably even to himself, that he could not see these things, and therefore could not deal with them, and being a conscientious man he would probably have dropped them and gone back to his honest and direct intellectualism, back to his "Waste" and "Voysey Inheritance". But when you dress up your gods as harlequins and man-servants, and introduce social reformers and revolving stages, and satirise the future and do everything on earth that is clever (all quite legitimate things in themselves), you have so many things to attend to and polish that it is easier for you to forget that to start with you ought to have attended to the one thing needful and asked the question "Do I see the gods at all, and have I anything to express?" Tolstoy, on listening to all the subtlety and allusion and "treatment" would simply have gone to the heart of it and found nothing. He would have said "Art is the expression of emotion, but here up-to-date people laugh because they can see a vague suggestion of Nijinsky and the Russian ballet". A method is nothing; the result is everything; but Mr. Shaw loved

Tolstoy because of his directness and simplicity of method. Reduce method to the minimum; write classically; and if you have no emotion, no imagination to express, the emptiness is glaringly obvious. Mr. Shaw hates shams, and instead of seeing that you may have a sham (in his word "romanticism") even where there is colloquial and realistic prose and keen satire, he saves his denunciation, or at least it is his tendency to save it, for verse and non-realistic language which may be necessary for the expression of the vision. Colloquial prose, blank verse, romanticism or classicism or any other ism you like, they are all legitimate in their place. Only a method which like the symbolical is interesting in itself to the craftsman, contains in it the true danger of "art for art's sake" which should be spelt "craft for craft's sake" or "trick for trick's sake", and then Heine, uncomfortable in the presence of sham, blames the method instead of the man, and Mr. Shaw, more consciously concerned with philosophy than with art, is uncomfortable if the philosophy is unsympathetic to him and he is enabled thereby to see the sham. Someone has said that Mr. Barker has in the theatre superseded the old trick work by a new, but he is worth more than that. Only not by treating with polish the old jokes and old simplicities can he escape from the necessity of believing in them if he wishes to re-create them; and he should not play round these things and laugh at his own intelligence, but should use the gifts the real gods have given him. And if Mr. Barker retorts that in Heine's sense Mr. Shaw is himself a romanticist, since "Androcles and the Lion" is symbolical of anti-vivisection and woman's suffrage, then I will leave the matter in Mr. Shaw's own hands, only suggesting that in that play there are about six different methods, not excluding the romantic, and that in parts at least the methods are used for the purposes of true artistic expression. And therein lies the difference, the only difference that, for all the words ever written, can count in art at all.

I said above, it might have been equally bad art if it had preached a philosophy of any sort, and I nearly said instead, it must have been bad if it preached a philosophy at all. The question of the artist-philosopher needs more than a concluding paragraph for its handling, and many grades lie between the writer with a conscious propaganda interest and the man whose work cannot help being imbued with an implicit philosophy because it is in his bones and the fibre of his being. And possibly even when, as in Shakespeare, the work is so nearly an analogue of life that we can scarce find any point of view, the initial impulse to write may have come from the desire to express a point of view, and it may sometimes be true, as Heine said was always the case, that work called into existence with no desire to do aught but be created, has in it something lifeless and cold. But when we come to the science of æsthetic criticism we must realise that just as art affects life enormously when it remembers it is not life, so it preaches the deepest philosophy by being in a different sphere from philosophy; in fact "art for art's sake" as a criterion though possibly not as a method is the only sound battle-cry if we wish our art to have a practical value, and it is the opposite cry to "propaganda plus trick-work". Conceivably all points of view are equally valuable or worthless, but anyhow a point of view which is good does not even serve its own cause by obtruding itself into a work of art and thereby, as Yeats has put it, weakening the art, and thus, by a vicious circle, weakening its own expression. In art these things should be but raw material, but it may be quite true that the nobler material makes the more perfect art. The man who has never felt or thought of course cannot create. But what everybody, especially Mr. Shaw, has to remember is that of two works, the one with the inferior philosophy of life may be the superior art. The philosophy, even if it is legitimate to prefer one philosophy to another, is only one of the elements to be considered, even if it is that. Is it not preferable to consider it as outside the sphere of art altogether, in order to

realise more clearly that art is mystic, its influence is on the imagination, and that criticism of art has solely to ask if the imagination has been touched? His philosophy may have an effect on his work, but should not the artist transcend even his own philosophy and create life itself? And if he does not do so, if we can anywhere and with however great labour arrive at his philosophy, has he not failed there and to that extent to make his art? Inspiration is almost unconscious and merely works through the intellect. Wilde said, "An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style". Had he lived up to his introduction to "Dorian Gray" he would have been the greatest artist the world has seen.

LEONARD INKSTER.

LISTER AND ANTI-LISTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Winckley Square, Preston, 22 September 1913.

SIR,—I can speak with authority on the subject of the obduracy of the medical profession in London with regard to the adoption of Lister's practice of antiseptic surgery prior to 1877. I was a student at Guy's Hospital, leaving in 1873, and prior to that time Lister's treatment was in constant use in the wards under the care of Mr. Howse, now Sir H. G. Howse. I have special reason for knowing this, as I wrote a paper for the Students' Society on "The Antiseptic Treatment of Wounds", successful in obtaining one of the prizes of the Guy's Physical Society in 1872, which was based on the treatment of cases observed in the wards under Mr. Howse's care. The curious part of the matter was that the antiseptic treatment of wounds was derided and scouted by all the other surgeons at Guy's at the time, and when I started to write the paper my intention was to write against the antiseptic treatment; but the results I observed as obtained in Mr. Howse's wards were so much superior under the antiseptic treatment to any obtained in any other of the wards under the other surgeons that I reversed my intention, and instead of writing against the treatment I wrote strongly in favour of it. This is conclusive evidence that, at any rate in the wards of one surgeon, Lister's treatment was in use at Guy's Hospital in London in 1872.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
JAMES A. RIGBY, M.D.

CHRISTIANITY LIMITED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 September 1913.

SIR,—When a cricket-ball is caught one natural law is suspended or counteracted by another. There is, therefore, no a priori difficulty about a natural law being counteracted by a super-terrestrial force (i.e. miracle).

Yours etc.,
REVIEWER.

"THE SPLIT INFINITIVE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belfast, 30 September 1913.

SIR,—Your correspondent "H. O. T. I." in the current issue may be interested in the following transcription dealing with the above. Stupidly I omitted for to in a proper and business-like manner note the source of the extract, but my oversight will not invalidate the quotation from the "Reporter", infra.

"H. O. T. I." supposes that the origin of the form "was one of euphony". Let us hope then that its birth can be traced a century or so further back than 1450!

"For one thing it is not really split. The to is a preposition originally separable from the verb, though now it has come to be regarded as a part thereof. Professor Lounsbury has shown that it is found in English writers as far back as the fifteenth century.

"Whaune ever he takith upon him for to in neighbourli or brotherli manner correpte his Christen

neighbour or brother."—Prologue to Pecock's 'Reporter', circa 1450."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
WILLIAM L. STOREY.

MODERN LANGUAGES AND ENGLISH TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 August 1913.

SIR—Will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to a grievance which affects the whole body of English teachers of modern languages in this country? This grievance is voiced in the educational journals, but it would be well in the interest of the teachers that it should be known to a wider public. The grievance is that it is almost impossible for a student of modern languages in England to hope to obtain a good post in his own country, assuming that he wishes to devote his life to the career of teaching what he has been at much pains to learn. It has become the fashion to import our teachers of modern languages from abroad, with the result that Englishmen are passed over, and this is having a very discouraging effect upon the study of modern languages in our own country. Nor is it open to English students to look for a career on the Continent, as it is open for Continental students to look for one in England. In France and Germany the professors and chief teachers of English are invariably chosen from the natives of their own countries, and both France and Germany are satisfied that the system adopted by them is the best—not merely in the interest of patriotism—but in that of the learning which the system adopted by them is intended to promote. It is absurd to assert that no British scholars are competent to teach modern languages to their countrymen. Schools of language at our Universities have been educating students in these subjects for many years, and those interested in education could name many scholars perfectly able, and more than willing, to impart their knowledge to their own countrymen. Many young English students have spent years on the Continent in the study of modern languages, and have mastered the philology and the literature of the foreign tongue of their choice by attending the courses of lectures given by the most distinguished Continental teachers. Still, they are British, and therefore must be reckoned as undesirables or at least as unemployables. The reasons why a competent Englishman is more fitted than even a competent Frenchman to teach a foreign language to Englishmen are pretty obvious. In the first place he knows precisely what are the difficulties which he himself had to surmount; difficulties which will accordingly have to be equally met by his English-speaking pupils. He knows too the peculiarities of English pupils; he knows that the backward British youth, whom the foreigner is apt to look on as a hopeless dullard, is, it may be, simply a year or two behind the Continental scholar in his development. He can maintain order and command respect, a point in which many foreigners fail, partly from inability to understand the British temperament, partly from a certain ingrained mistrust of the foreigner natural to every nation; a mistrust which English teachers who, under the old régime prevalent in France and Germany, were permitted to teach English to French pupils, found even more strongly exemplified in France towards Englishmen than is the present distrust of foreigners in England. Again, how is it possible that a foreigner, however gifted, can render into pure and idiomatic English passages from his classical authors? It must be conceded that our present system of teaching modern languages has not been very successful as judged from a Continental point of view; for on the Continent we are judged to be among the worst linguists in Europe. Let us then try a new system which it may be hoped will produce better results; in any case it cannot fail to encourage students to adopt a career in which their efforts may find their natural scope.

I am Sir yours faithfully
HERBERT A. STRONG.

REVIEWS.

THE POEMS OF "A. E."

"The Mystical Beauty." Collected Poems. By "A. E." Macmillan. 6s. net.

ALL readers in Ireland and a good many out of Ireland know the work of "A. E." and the personality veiled behind these mysterious vowels—the mystic, painter, poet, and economist, who preaches by turns esoteric theosophy and winter dairying, and, when he is not praising unearthly quietness in delicate verse, lampoons in pungent prose such persons as question the infallibility of Sir Horace Plunkett. Not a few also—for this is the most accessible of sages—know the genial unkempt presence, hazy with tobacco smoke, of this brown-bearded northern Protestant. Everybody in Ireland who is not a Roman Catholic must submit to be classified as a Protestant (no matter how he may protest) and accordingly Mr. George Russell is known for a Protestant along with Yeats, Synge, and other strange people. But one thing no one seems to know or to explain—why Mr. Russell should call himself "A. E." Why must we mouth these inconvenient vocables in a bookshop or string them into the sentences of a review? However, without dwelling on a grievance, let us salute the collected poems of a real poet, who is also a real personality, developed in a country that is small enough to give men a chance to grow.

A notable fact about the work of "A. E.", Yeats, and Synge, the three men who count for most in the remarkable literary development of modern Ireland, is their complete originality and independence of each other. Yet they have somehow or other jointly "fait école", and of the three "A. E." has been the strongest influence. It has been subtly felt, for few writers have had less of an obvious mannerism; he has affected the essence and not the form of the imagination of his time. The whole body of his poetry is small, and what he has gathered out of three earlier volumes makes here with some additions only some two hundred and fifty pages; but it has the stamp of permanence. Unhappily the title "Collected Poems" suggests also finality. The poet has become increasingly a painter, and a painter whose skill never kept pace with his inspiration. Only in verse has he found the sure and accomplished touch which enables him at his finest to write as one who has overheard the music of the world.

"Far up the dim twilight fluttered
Moth-wings of vapour and flame;
The lights danced over the mountains,
Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded,
For silent and still were we;
Our hearts were drunk with a beauty
Our eyes could never see."

That—in how different a kind—has the magic of Heine: a mood is caught in its wholeness, fitted once and for all to the beauty of sound in words which express it completely and cease on a perfect close. When a man can write like that we are bound to listen, even if we do not always understand what he has to say, and for many of us that will be the case with this poet. None the less, one can try. The epilogue attached to this volume was, if we remember rightly, part of his first little book now some twenty years old, and in that space of time he has not relented towards poetry. The verdict which he anticipates from some musing "angel of the sun" is condemnation:

"Here was beauty all betrayed
From the freedom of her state;
From her human uses stayed
On an idle rhyme to wait".

He might, instead of writing verses, have "written on the book of life". Well, Browning has said something like that in lines too well known to need recall-

ing, but Browning meant something different. We turn from the sculptor's Venus, the end of long slavery in art's service, to "yonder girl who fords the burn"; but why? Because flesh and blood are better than marble when all is said. "A. E." has no traffic with flesh and blood; his quest is to escape from them into a region of more untrammelled life. The peasant lass may seem to him a creature of far less perishable stuff than any stone—but only if she is one of the initiate, like the girl in Connemara who, "with eyes all untroubled, laughs as she passes, bending beneath the creel with the seaweed brown", but whose life begins only when the world is wrapped in dreaming night.

"Then will she wander, her heart all a laughter,
Tracking the dream star that lights the purple gloom.
She follows the proud and golden races after,
As high as theirs her spirit, as high will be her doom."

She, if one comprehends rightly, has never let go or lost touch of an earlier and ampler life, from which she is now abased in the body of this humiliation; yet she still has sight and hearing of those for whom "this unresponsive earth beneath the feet" was a living mother, and the sky "a face of brooding love".

So many people have told these things as truth that they must be true for some; but for those who are not of the vision this poet is more kindly when he is bound to common life. Here is an "In Memoriam":

"Poor little child, my pretty boy,
Why did the hunter mark thee out?
Wert thou betrayed by thine own joy,
Singled through childhood's merry shout?"

The pathos in that strikes deep, and somehow it touches that old fear wrought into all religions and grained in our very fibre, the dread of jealous lurking powers. The mood goes on in its musing:

"Can that which towers from depth to height
Melt in its mood majestic

And laugh with thee as child to child?
Or shall the gay light in thine eyes
Drop stricken then before the piled
Immutable immensities?

The obscure vale emits no sound,
No sight, the chase has hurried far;
The Quarry and the phantom Hound,
Where are they now? Beyond what star?"

Here are accents of immortal ruth; but here is not assuredly the traditional piety of Ireland; nor is it surprising to read the poet's defiant utterance "On behalf of some Irishmen not followers of tradition"—his challenge to those who "call us aliens, we are told".

"The generations as they rise
May live the life men lived before,
Still hold the thought once held as wise,
Go in and out by the same door.
We leave the easy peace it brings:
The few we are shall still unite
In fealty to unseen kings
Or unimaginable light.
We would no Irish sign efface,
But yet our lips would gladlier hail
The firstborn of the Coming Race
Than the last splendour of the Gael".

The Coming Race when they begin to arrive will have famous fighting times in Ireland; all the orthodoxies, representing, in the consecrated phrase, "all creeds and classes" and all political associations, will wage such war upon "the golden heresy of truth" (a fine phrase of Mr. Russell's) as the host of Maeve waged on Cuchulain. Heretics have as bad a name in Ireland as the Pope has in Portadown; yet even the austere orthodox would be apt to recognise the grace of nature which breathes in these poems. The mystic is convinced that somewhere outside of narrow earth splendours await him, yet he is held back by a human

tenderness. What earth has to teach the "proud and golden races" is, it would seem, compassion—that kindness and neighbourliness which are the likeliest lessons for a pilgrim spirit to learn in Ireland. Here is how the mystic puts it:

"Ere I storm with the tempest of power the thrones and dominions of old,
Ere the ancient enchantment allure me to roam through the star-misty skies,
I would go forth as one who has reaped well what harvest the earth may unfold;
May my heart be o'erbrimmed with compassion, or my brow be the crown of the wise.
"Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart of the love;
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest breath,
I would still hear the cry of the fallen recalling me back from above,
To go down to the side of the people who weep in the shadow of death".

"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT."

"Tigerland." By C. E. Gouldsbury. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

WHETHER Mr. Gouldsbury himself, or the mysterious individual whose name must not be divulged, underwent the experiences described in this most interesting volume, no reader accustomed to big game and its habits can doubt for a moment that he is reading an authentic record, and no one who is about to engage in the most fascinating of all pursuits will lose time in studying these pages. The dates 187— and the names G— and so on in vain suggest doubts, for every big-game shooter can read his own adventures, and even recognise localities, where, as in the case of Travancore, they are mentioned by name. That the volume would be still more valuable were this done in all cases is obvious, but where the result is so good there is no case for finding fault. The tiger, of course, takes precedence in this book of all the other inhabitants of the jungle, some of which, notably the elephant, are far more dangerous to kill. The author's tiger shooting was almost all done in Bengal, where, as he explains, the nature of the country makes the use of the elephant and the howdah necessary, which is not the case in Southern India, where the tiger is necessarily pursued on foot, and where the writer of this review, like the author on that occasion on foot, came close upon a tigress playing with her cubs—one of the most beautiful sights imaginable! In such districts there is no question of making a bag of tigers by a party on elephants, and the sport is of a different, and some will think far more satisfactory, character.

The author, who lived a long life among big beasts, does not scruple to admit that solitary stalks in remote forests produce a curious feeling of excitement, not unmingled with fear. Can anyone whose life has depended on a slight and sudden change in the wind, while waiting for hours in close proximity to a tusker, deny this? Let him weigh his clothing when the stalk is over, and see if it is not heavy and wet, almost as if he had forded a stream breast high. Let him remember that while he stalks one elephant another with superbestial intelligence is very likely stalking him! If he pursues the bison, than which no shyer or more magnificent creature breathes, let him realise, as the author does, that stalking the forest ox on foot, the only possible method, is full of danger. Nevertheless the solitary stalk on foot is the supreme sport, and the party on elephants is the globe-trotter's glory; though this method must, of course, in a great, perhaps the greater, part of India inevitably be adopted, and is by no means free from danger. For the comparative merits of the two methods let the ibex, bison, and tiger shooting of Travancore in chapters xx., xxi., and xxii. be compared with the sport of the other chapters, though the elephant shooting of the sportsman's paradise is not described, as the author presumably had not

the necessary permit. Of the tamed elephant he gives most interesting experiences; and the writer, at any rate, can readily accept as true the account of the tusker who nursed the baby of the mahout's wife, and would not let it sprawl beyond its blanket. Mr. Gouldsbury pays, too, a generous and well-earned tribute to the courage and capacity of the mahouts, or elephant-keepers. On the whole, he seems to regard tigers as mischievous vermin, and overlooks the fact that they are as a class friends of the outlying agriculturists, whose crops they preserve by keeping down the head of pig and deer. Of course, the man-eater, who is the rare exception, should be, and generally is, slain; but animals who kill their hundreds, like the famous panther, are as rare among tigers as Napoleons among men, and the writer's long experience of these beautiful and generally harmless creatures is such that it is to him a most painful sight to see them in captivity, eating out their hearts in a cage. In failing to secure a black panther, which is only a freak among its kind, Mr. Gouldsbury suffered the common lot of man and sportsman, but to have met one on a narrow gallery of rock on the face of a precipice just before daybreak is in itself an experience never to be forgotten; and it happened alike to author and to reviewer, and on the same ground, where the South Indian wild goat, commonly called the ibex, gives almost unparalleled difficulty before he is brought to bag, amidst scenery and surroundings of a beauty which surely cannot be surpassed. Here are towering rock, crystal stream, small patches of open wood, and vast expanse of almost impenetrable jungle, wherein the solitary sportsman may, while delighting in the beauty and charm of his surroundings, be called on at a moment's notice to trust to his craft or his rifle to save his life.

Mr. Gouldsbury nowhere in his book mentions any experience with a tiger without referring to the animal's roar, "half threatening, half defiant, and wholly terrifying in its volume, its ferocity, and its awe-inspiring sound". Only such as have felt the forest shake while they are out on foot after a tiger can truly appreciate the indescribable effect produced by this half cough, half snatch, half roar, to hear which without a feeling of awe must require the nerves of M. Pégoud. And yet the wild elephant, who does not wait for man to open hostilities, is an infinitely more dangerous opponent, though his trumpetings, squealings, bubblings, and rumblings are sufficiently disconcerting to his puny foe, shorter than the grass, and held up by the reed. Mr. Gouldsbury, or the unknown he edits, rightly rejects the erroneous theory that the man-eater is necessarily a mangy creature, which is no more true than Macaulay's convenient and false assumption that Judge Jeffreys was as ugly as he was cruel. The flukes narrated in the last two chapters sound a rather "large order", but a man who has shot a porcupine believing it to be a bear, has looked down on a foreshortened tiger far below and taken it for "an eagle alit for a moment to sit in the light of its golden wings", and has walked on to a python which looked like a fallen branch can very readily accept these adventures as nothing more than uncommon in character. It is odd that Mr. Gouldsbury should speak of a tiger as other than a soft-skinned animal, and of the extra weight of the small-bore cordite rifles. The author's note in which this occurs makes the reader think that the former really is editing some other sportsman's notes, rather than giving in this indirect fashion his own experiences. However that may be, the result is altogether excellent, and the book is of great merit and interest.

MARY—AND WILLIAM.

"Princess and Queen of England." By Mary F. Sandars. Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

MISS SANDARS gives two reasons—and they are both adequate—for "attempting" a biography of the Queen Consort of William III.—first that no biography has appeared in English since Miss Strickland's volume; secondly, that there is much new

material to help in interpreting the life and character of a princess born to play an important part in a critical epoch. Miss Sandars has availed herself of the new material, more particularly of Queen Mary's letters and fragmentary memoirs published by Countess Bentinck and Dr. Doebner—of great political as well as biographical value; she has had access to the Bathurst letters written to "Mistress Apsley" (which were the subject of an article in the "Quarterly Review" in 1911), to the letters of William III. at Welbeck, and to some other unpublished manuscripts specified in her notes. And she shows some acquaintance with the results of modern Dutch research. Moreover, some of the illustrations in half-tone are new and very welcome—the reproductions from Mr. Broadley's great collection of prints and broad sheets, two portraits of Elizabeth Villiers from the originals belonging to Lord Orkney, and an illuminating portrait of Queen Mary from a rare engraving in the Archives at The Hague. This last very properly is the frontispiece to the volume. It has nothing in it of the facile conventionality of the Kneller and Lely portraits of the period (which give a type and not an individual woman), and is far more living than the Wissing portrait reproduced from Lord Bathurst's collection on page 320—which has all the picture-postcard pose, prettiness and artificiality of the orthodox Kneller and Lely manufactory. Some information about the artist, the engraving, the original and the date would have been really valuable. A living portrait is as valuable a document as the unpublished manuscript unearthed by a researcher.

Miss Sandars' biography is straightforward and fairly readable, but it is a great pity that she has not made it much better. A first-rate piece of work on Queen Mary would be a real addition to historical literature. The style, however, is occasionally very slovenly. "One of the faithless and venial (sic) politicians" (p. 96); "Lady Bathurst was often in an interesting condition" (p. 104); "The Queen . . . which did not increase her popularity with the denizens of the Court" (p. 226)—i.e. the courtiers apparently—are three out of many examples of journalese or worse. And what is meant by "the idyll" on p. 258 we do not know. Nor is the scholarship satisfactory. Many of the footnotes give volume and page, without any reference, however, to the edition used. But too often neither volume nor page is given (e.g. p. 161). Now this might pass if elsewhere full information were supplied. Miss Sandars does indeed print two pages of "Authorities Consulted"—we almost wrote "Insulted"—but it is simply a list of authors' names (not always correctly) and a title, and they are all jumbled up together without any attempt to indicate the edition used, the date, whether the authority is original, secondary, or of what character. What conceivable use to anyone can such entries as these be and they are typical—"History of England", Macaulay; "Diary", Samuel Pepys; "Lady Russell's Letters"; "Lexington Papers"; "Shrewsbury Correspondence"; *Mémoires de Monsieur B.*, British Museum—and so forth for two large pages? Such a list indeed suggests erudition to the ignorant, but to the critic something the very reverse of erudition. Undisguised pot-boiling bookmaking cannot fairly be judged by standards applicable to serious work; but this life of Queen Mary aims at being a real contribution to history and biography and must be judged accordingly. Had Miss Sandars, who has not spared pains in some directions, given another three months to revising the literary quality of her text, or invited a competent critic to use a blue pencil freely, and then spent a few weeks in the Reading Room of the British Museum in verifying, explaining, and supplementing the critical apparatus, and perhaps adding a few appendices on controversial points too long for a footnote and quite out of place in a narrative text, the result and the verdict would have been very different.

Queen Mary's life and personality open up numerous problems, made all the more interesting and difficult

by the lack of evidence. The recent additions to our knowledge from her letters and "Memoirs" do not really carry us very far to a solution, because her problem is inextricably bound up with a much bigger and more difficult problem, the personality, policy, and motives of her husband, William III. And unfortunately the Queen before her death deliberately destroyed the documentary material which would have answered many questions. We have letters from Mary to William, but William's letters to Mary along with other papers were burnt by the Queen. Why? For personal or public reasons? Was it the last and supreme act of loyalty of a wife to her husband? Did those letters cover the whole period of her married life from the days when as a girl of fifteen she reluctantly left an England that she loved for the foreign and unknown Hague to the years of crisis when she sat on the throne of her dispossessed father, and she and the husband who, like Moltke, could be silent in seven languages, deprived her infant half-brother of his crown and empire? What was in those letters and papers that decided the Queen to burn them? Whom would they have damaged and in what way? An obvious question to which most regrettably there never can be an answer. Hypotheses in abundance can be constructed. But the motto for the biographer and the historian is the Newtonian "Hypotheses non fingo"!

Miss Sandars' interpretation of Queen Mary is not altogether convincing, nor is it consistent. On p. 15 it is suggested that she was predominantly a Hyde; on p. 143 that she was predominantly a Stuart. But not even a woman can be predominantly two different and opposed personalities. What Miss Sandars probably means is that at one time, if we like that kind of biological interpretation of character, Queen Mary illustrates the Hyde, and at another the Stuart, temperament—assuming that there was a clear and determinable Hyde and Stuart temperament, and that we can prove she inherited it in determinable proportions. Be that as it may, it is abundantly clear that the certainties about Queen Mary are few, the uncertainties many. She was religious, upright, lovable, with no small degree of charm, Stuart or otherwise; she had high spirits and a delightfully girlish capacity for enjoyment, fun, and pretty clothes; she had a refined taste in art and architecture and a genuine pleasure in the amenities of life; she could read and think and did read and think; she had the rarer form of courage, political courage, and in the judgment of competent and unprejudiced critics capacity for affairs; she had deep sympathy with the humbler classes of men and women, and she was superbly loyal to her friends; she loved or came to love her husband and she served him with selfless devotion. Her father's judgment that she had no will but that of her husband does not mean that she had no will of her own, but that in all the crises of her life, and her life was a series of crises, she deliberately, and apparently on principles of duty, subordinated her will to that of William III. And she had—greatest of all—the gift of Christian charity. It was by no choice of her own that she stands at the bar of our history as a wronged wife and a misunderstood woman. She made no attempt to cover up her faults or failings, and after much travail and suffering she made silence and found peace in death. But there remains on record how as a woman she would have understood the bitter and self-revealing comment of her ancestress, Queen Elizabeth—"The Queen of Scots hath a fine son, and I am a barren stock." But there was no royal cradle at Hampton Court, Kensington Palace, or Loo, and had there been Queen Mary's life would have been very different and British history from 1701 would not be the history that we know. And she died knowing that, for she had known it since the fateful December days of 1688, big with the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement.

The enigma is not Queen Mary, but William III., and the real portrait of William III. has yet to be

drawn. To the portrait of the statesman great historians and untiring researchers in the archives and chanceries of Europe have contributed superabundant material. Every year some tangled knot in the web of European diplomacy in which William III. was an acknowledged master is unravelled. We can judge his work now, and the more we know the more impressive is the intellectual power of the ruler, the more impressive the gifts of character without which his intellectual power would have been futile. But do we know the man? Have we yet penetrated behind the mask? Are we dealing not with an inhuman, purposeful force, but a living and intelligible human personality? "Heroes" in history frequently repel as much as they attract. William III. remains an enigma, when Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Chatham, Napoleon are no longer enigmas. And we are driven to ask questions which have not yet been satisfactorily answered. Two in particular cut down to the root of the personal problem. In what sense did he love his wife? What did he find in Elizabeth Villiers that he did not find in Queen Mary? And when we have answered these William will have ceased to be a Sphinx, and in answering them we shall be writing the life of his Queen as well as his own.

THE NEAR EAST.

"The Fringe of the East: a Journey through Past and Present Provinces of Turkey." By Harry Charles Lukach. Macmillan. 12s. net.

"Handbook of Cyprus, 1913." Revised and Edited by H. C. Lukach and Douglas Jardine. Stanford. 5s. net.

MOST men, and all women, seem to think that they can write what the rest of humanity will care to read (and buy) about places they have visited; and too often they act on this assumption. Yet nothing is rarer than a complete good book of travel. "The Fringe of the East" is such a book—admirably planned and written, vastly and agreeably informing, companionable; and revealing in its author, Mr. Lukach—who is also part-author of the workmanlike notebook on Cyprus, here, too, before us—a new, scholarly and pleasant hand. To be sure, its scope is a compelling attraction. The itinerary beginning with Athens and Delphi took all Byzantine monasticism and monuments at a bound, included Rhodes and Cyprus, and the Holy Land, and, in ways less trodden, made light of the mountains of the Nosayriyeh and Antioch and Aleppo and Damascus, names to make the mouth water. The journey, deliberately made and described, ended in 1908, just two months before the Turks "broke out", so to say, constitutionalist all over. Much water has flowed down the Bosphorus since then. Some Gibbon of the future shall sardonically note for our posterity what came of these blest reforms whereat their parents shouted. Mr. Lukach, for his part, laments that, the Turkish Empire having "moved" since he uncovered his lens, succeeding events have put his records out of date. He need not repine. As our interest in the lands through which he travelled is perennial, so far unchanging are the essentials of the life which he describes; the Khoja, the "classical exponent of Turkish humour", with one eye on whom Mr. Lukach writes, is still a relevant personage. And who does not want to hear about Jerusalem and Rhodes, and Mount Athos, or who ought not to want to hear about Cyprus, "strangely unvisited isle"? With Mr. Lukach "up", you can "cram" the monasteries of the Levant—inexhaustible in interest—and wax wise on the disconcerting features of the New, or at any rate the latter-day, Jerusalem, tread in the footsteps of crusaders, and entertain yourself over pictures of Lal'at el Hosn and Saracenic art, and S. Hilarion where Aphrodite had the good sense to be brought to bed of Eros, and the remains of the splendours of Lusignan kings, whose "exquisite Gothic

arches emerge from the desert like the ribs of camels from the sands of the Sahara". You can even get an inkling of the Bahai movement, and all that may imply.

The monasteries of the Levant might well have absorbed Mr. Lukach's volume. They are various: "Some you can approach only if you are an athlete, others only if you are a mule". The column of Simeon Stylites is still in practical use, and a rope basket is let down by the monks of Meteora and draws up the visitor, bumping him the while against the rock. When his whole long varied record has filled our mind with incommunicable pictures two of Mr. Lukach's experiences are uppermost in our fancy—the author attempting to scale Hagia Mone by a decayed rope-ladder and "reverting rapidly to the plain", and the huts scattered round about the upturned egg on the roof of S. Helena's Chapel where the Abyssinian monks abide. Here there is the extreme of asceticism and aloofness from the world; there ex-Patriarchs scheme for their restoration, or pious monks dabble in Kaffir shares. Their literary treasures do not seem to occupy the monks more than in the valiant 'forties "when eleventh-century illuminated Gospels might be had for the asking". But the material value of manuscript and fresco is understood, and all is collated, catalogued and inventoried.

Mr. Lukach's two chapters on Jerusalem are of unusual interest and value. Few are the visitants who succeed in showing us the Holy City as it is, and in communicating the effect of annals "so amazing and withal so diverse" as Mr. Lukach aptly puts it "that they bewilder and dismay". He realises for us the welter of impressions which must have invaded, but not confused, his own mind before this "cradle of the Jew, the goal of the Christian, the sanctuary of the Moslem". We all know that for Jews, Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Persians, as for our rector and his churchwardens, here is, or has been, a central point in history, a target for the imagination of mankind. But Mr. Lukach never lets his sight be deflected an instant from the universal character and appeal. He sees to it that in the centre of his readers' vision rise equally the two "strongholds of rival faiths which are the essence and core of Jerusalem". And the picture of Jerusalem as we might see it, if we would visit and, what does not in the least follow, if we could view the Holy City as it is to-day, grows clear and near before us. It is a vision "disconcerting", in Mr. Lukach's own epithet, to many of us, since it clashes with early predilection, prejudice, association. So do some of us remember the horror with which in childhood in the North we heard that the earliest Christmas lacked the enchantment of a white world and the glistening white flowers the pencil of the winter draws on frosted nursery windows. But we admire here in Mr. Lukach veracity, restraint, even something of an intellectual feat.

"Another way" is the plan of Mandeville. Not content with dedicating to Christian uses the Haram or the rock in the centre of its enclosure, Sir John would have almost every event in sacred history enact itself thereon. There Jacob slept, there he saw the angels go up and down a ladder, and wrestled, and had his name changed to Israel. There our Lord preached, drove the money-changers from the Temple, and forgave the woman taken in adultery. And so on through a catalogue too formidable for full citation. The clear white star of truth is otherwise pursued, and Mr. Lukach pursues it without parti pris, doing the fair thing by Christian, Jew, and Moslem, as in his clear account of Haram and Temple: telling tales honourable to Mahomet with Christian gravity, even—though this is (for Mr. Lukach) a distinct if trivial lapse in style—describing Herod the Great in modern terms as "an up-to-date and splendour-loving prince". A feature of special interest and value in the account of latter-day Jerusalem is that which concerns the part played by European missions. The Powers are all busy in Jerusalem, it seems, Russia distinctly

leading, in the joint interest of good government and a vast peasant population best when simply pious. Mr. Lukach gives us a moving vision of massed Russian pilgrims, their forty-mile march from Jaffa painfully completed, singing hymns of thanksgiving before they think of rest. He recalls the most touching episode of the Middle Ages—the Children's Crusade. "The Russian peasant to-day, in many ways still a child, is moved by much the same spirit as were the infants who streamed to Marseilles and Genoa to the war-cry of 'Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross', seven hundred years ago. It is a spirit which has done much in the past, and which can do much in the future. If properly handled, it may become a very formidable power; and there is reason to believe that Russia realises to the full the value of the lever which she possesses." The other Powers are less practically present in Jerusalem—Austria and Italy concerned with religion only, not politics; ourselves very formal and dignified, with Anglican Collegiate Church and College and the Ophthalmic College of S. John of Jerusalem; but William II. is well represented, and his Church of the Redeemer (says Mr. Lukach in his quiet way) "somewhat overshadows the Church of the Sepulchre". Morally more moving, if less significant politically, are the Jews, wailing bitterly beside the stones which hide their Temple from them. There is mention of the Jews of the Yemen, who disclaim any share in the Crucifixion, asserting that they passed from Babylon direct into Arabia.

That Cyprus is still neglected of Cook's clients may seem a mercy to those who long since fell under its enchantment in the pages of Mr. Mallock. But the Handbook of Sir J. T. Hutchison and Mr. Cobham, rearranged and rewritten by Messrs. Lukach and Jardine, may quite well prepare the deluge. There is everything in this enchanted island to attract the scholar and the loafer of fashion equally—beauty, climate, a history which is all history in little, romance, ruins incredibly picturesque, and a population picturesque too if troublesome enough in parts. The latter are the Government's business, and would be little trouble enough, we suspect, if the present High Commissioner, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams (whom Cyprus is lucky enough to have arrested on his way to bigger responsibilities) had a free hand and a Colonial Office with pluck and sense enough to back him. All that, however, is not the concern of the tourist, who will find all that he wants to know in this Handbook for 1913. For fullness and correctness of information this work will take no little beating. Part I. gives you the history which you want, Part II. the peoples and religions, Part III. the places of interest in an island which is compact of interest.

There are chapters on sport and natural history, on geology, and one chapter of specific "information for tourists", with a glossary and much information. There is also a brief and searching account of the work and activities carried on under British administration—never more beneficent and disinterested than in Cyprus, which with German developments, very active if quiet, at Alexandretta, and aviation altering the geographical values of the world as we wait, the Banderlog, or a section of it, may any day be screaming to us to give up. To give up Cyprus because certain Levantine Greek adventurers, with their living to make, intrigue against our presence, would be a piece of atrocious cruelty and baseness to the Cypriots, who have turned the corner under our direction, but who are quite capable of being cajoled and bullied by demagogues into seeming to favour a policy of suicide.

We greatly hope one day to land at Limasol and fare on to Nicosia, amid its date-palms and its minarets, in winter redolent of burning olive-wood, or in summer pervaded with the scent of jonquils and other wild flowers.

MR. GOSSE'S LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Collected Essays." By Edmund Gosse. Vol. I.: "Seventeenth Century Studies." Vol. II.: "Gossip in a Library." Heinemann. 6s. each.

HERE are the first volumes of the collected essays of Mr. Gosse, excellently—because simply—produced: a volume which a reader who cares for a title-page and true workmanship in books can put on his shelf even quite near to the older editions of his classics—his Lamb, Hazlitt, Landor, De Quincey, and the rest—and yet feel he is not bringing in an intruder. The collected Gosse is quite an event. It will please a good many people, neither old nor very young, who have known Mr. Gosse more or less since they have known English literature at all, and who have heard in his voice that rare thing in these days of seeming authority—the authentic note.

Labels are never fair; but we have dared to label Mr. Gosse. He has a specific place in our memory as the critic of little people. Partly it is his own device. Thirty years ago, when first he published his "Seventeenth Century Studies", Mr. Gosse pleaded for the little people in letters, men great in their own time and place, but faded from the memory of an age that has time only to read and to remember the greatest dead. Mr. Gosse in his "Seventeenth Century Studies" put aside Milton and Shakespeare and Dryden to write only of Cowley, Otway, Lodge, Dekker, and the matchless Orinda. Thus we have ever thought of Mr. Gosse as a literary gleaner after the great harvest has been gathered. He leaves the big people to a host of critics, young and old, who think they can still find something new to say about them, and asks us to remember the little people of whom he undoubtedly can, and has, told us a great deal that is not only new, but extremely interesting and agreeable. Mr. Gosse's affection for the untrodden ways of criticism is partly the fruit of a fine taste which, as in Hazlitt, naturally disposes him to look for excellence and true value in men and places neglected by the multitude. Partly also it is due to an admirable common sense, at the root of all good criticism. Why tread for ever in the beaten way of letters when upon every side lie open so many tempting paths into a country unexplored? Why repeat a big volume about Shakespeare when one may write an original chapter about Cowley or Smart?

Take, for example, the poems of Lady Winchilsea. Who was Lady Winchilsea? What man, except Wordsworth, whose praise of her is entirely forgotten, had sung the commendation of Ardelia till Mr. Gosse astonished Matthew Arnold with her merit? Is it not better to have remembered, with taste and right feeling, the poems of Lady Winchilsea than to have helped bury the giant Milton beneath a swelling memorial of critical exegesis? Mr. Gosse, writing of Lady Winchilsea, has definitely added a chapter to the story of English criticism. This is not opinion, but fact. Lady Winchilsea lies to-day, clear evidence of Mr. Gosse's good deed, between the pages of Ward's "English Poets". We have ourselves tasted her quality in delicious numbers that might be Wordsworth's own; whereas, had Mr. Gosse not included her among his little people, we should never have known that Ardelia had suffered, in Pindaric metre, from the spleen, vainly seeking relief in tea, coffee, and stronger liquors yet:

"In vain to chase thee every art I try,
In vain all remedies apply;
In vain the Indian leaf infuse,
Or the parched Eastern berry bruise,
Or pass, in vain, those bounds, and nobler
liquors use."

Mr. Gosse is as tactful a lover of these rare little people as he is of the rare little brown volumes which, like their authors, had winged messages for the olden time, but now are precious only to the exquisite. Mr. Gosse belongs to that small company of wise book-lovers whose president is Charles Lamb. Mr. Gosse is

the "very fine gentleman of about 1610, walking in broad sunlight in a garden, reading a little book of verses" depicted in his agreeable book-plate, gravis cantantibus umbra. His practical ideal—we have it from Mr. Gosse in his "Gossip in a Library"—is to "possess few books and those not too rich and rare for daily use". He must have two or three thousand books, and be familiar with them all. The bindings must not be more precious than the contents. Gossip in a library of this sort and size is worth while.

We wonder, when this collected edition of Mr. Gosse's essays is complete, where will be found his most important contribution to English letters. Of the essays before us now the studies of Etherege and of Otway in "Seventeenth Century Studies" and the short paper on Farquhar in "Gossip in a Library" are, possibly, first. These papers are less striking to-day than they were at the moment of their first appearance. When the paper on Etherege first was published no modern edition of his plays had appeared. The reputations of the seventeenth century dramatists rested where Macaulay had left them. Mr. Gosse almost restores them to the position they held in the opinions of Hazlitt and Lamb. It is not at all surprising that Mr. Gosse was moved to rediscover Sir George Etherege as the founder of English comedy. Etherege thirty years ago was one of the neglected little people of English literature. Years hence critics may wonder how Etherege ever came to get into Mr. Gosse's gallery of little people at all, for Etherege, in English dramatic literature, is a bigger man than Dryden. But if Etherege had not been smuggled into fame among the little people of Mr. Gosse he would less easily have arrived among the big people who belong to everybody.

The seventeenth century has in every way advanced into fame and into the acquaintance of literary folk since first Mr. Gosse chose to explore it some thirty years ago. Crashaw and Cowley, perhaps the two biggest names at this time among the little people of these studies, have their lovers to-day. Here, too, Mr. Gosse's papers are less striking now than they were at the time of their first appearance. This does not in any way detract from the merit. Mr. Gosse's early opinions are less striking as the years go by in the way that all good criticism becomes less striking. More and more people have come to know that he is right. Mr. Gosse was writing of Cowley in 1876—when an English critic who knew Cowley might aptly have declaimed with Pope:

"Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart".

Mr. Gosse was naturally drawn to a contemporary of Milton, neglected to-day, whom his own generation acclaimed as the greatest of English poets. "I find a peculiar fascination", Mr. Gosse tells us in the essay on Cowley, "in the study of these maimed and broken poets, these well-strung instruments upon whose throbbing strings Destiny has laid the pressure of her silencing fingers. The masters of song instil me with a sort of awe. I feel embarrassed when I write of Milton. But Cowley has surely grown humble in the long years of his exile, and he will not exact too much homage from the last of his admirers".

Mr. Gosse could not well be the last admirer of one whose praise he speaks so fairly and so persuasively in a modern ear. Here we touch the secret of Mr. Gosse's excellence as a critic—the secret of good criticism at all times. He shares with us his delight in all that is rarely beautiful. He shares with us his feeling for the good things of literature. These papers are no mere collection of critical opinions. They are sensitive with sincere pleasure of the critic who, having found a good thing, is quick to share it with a sympathetic companion. Reading the essays of Mr. Gosse we are admitted to be his friends and to rejoice with him.

NOVELS.

"Notwithstanding." By Mary Cholmondeley. Murray. 6s.

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY can always be relied upon for a good sound workmanlike novel. She is an essentially tidy writer. There are no loose ends about her work. Everything is neatly dovetailed and fitted into its allotted place. Her latest novel, "Notwithstanding", is an excellent example of her method. She springs upon the reader an interesting situation, arrests attention, and arouses curiosity. Then gradually working backwards she reveals the true inwardness of the situation. With Miss Cholmondeley there are no false trails, no episodes introduced merely for the sake of padding. The reader must needs be on the alert, for however trivial a character or situation may appear it will be found to have some bearing on the plot. Miss Cholmondeley, therefore, makes a certain demand upon her readers' attention. She will not be skipped. The reader wishing to skim lightly over the surface will miss not only many pleasant things by the way, but also the proper understanding of the story. And it must be confessed Miss Cholmondeley's novel deserves careful perusal. She is a thoughtful writer and she has a sense of literary style. At times she rises to considerable heights of emotional power. Her words glow with tragic intensity. She awakens feeling.

Annette Georges is the offspring of a *mésalliance*. Her mother made a calamitous runaway marriage with a French courier and died soon after her child was born. Brought up by her mother's sisters, somewhat dull but immaculate spinsters, Annette as soon as she reaches twenty-one returns to her father in Paris to become a professional singer. Her father has in the meantime married a woman of his own class and has started a cabaret. Annette being young and pretty, he is glad to have her about the place as an added attraction to his drinking-house. But he is thoroughly unscrupulous and avaricious and is quite ready to sell her for money to a man who has been attracted by her. With this man—an Englishman—Annette has already fallen in love. When she discovers his real intentions about her and learns of her father's baseness, she is maddened by grief and despair. She flies from home and is about to throw herself into the Seine when she meets Dick Le Geyt, a dissipated young Englishman who spends his time in gambling and horse-racing. He has just had a serious fall while steeplechasing and he proposes to her that she should accompany him to Fontainebleau where he is going to recruit. Utterly desperate and half distraught with her disillusion she consents. But Fate steps in and prevents her becoming Dick's mistress. He is taken ill immediately on arrival at the hotel at Fontainebleau and Annette fortunately falls into good hands. Mrs. Stoddart who is staying at the same hotel, struck by her tragic appearance and by her youth and beauty, takes her away, tries to save her good name, and nurses her through the attack of brain fever which succeeds her experience.

Annette returns to her aunts' house in England and leads a country life where she rapidly wins the hearts of all the men in the neighbourhood. Miss Cholmondeley's descriptions of English village life are given with much vivacity and humour and she has some good character studies of country folk. Annette seems to have come into safe harbourage and her life, if uneventful, is happy and peaceful, when suddenly the bolt falls. By one of those coincidences rare in life but so frequent in fiction Annette loves and is loved by Roger Manvers, who proves to be Dick Le Geyt's cousin. He finds out about the happenings at Fontainebleau and for a time Annette's future hangs in the balance. She has not only been seen at Fontainebleau by an artist who has made a sketch of her as "Mrs. Le Geyt", but she has also signed her name Annette Georges to a will in which Dick leaves most of his property to Roger Manvers. As execution of

the will must result in publicly branding her as the mistress of his cousin, Roger practically decides to give up his inheritance. But a way out is found which, if not legally correct, is certainly picturesque. Love triumphs and the book ends on a happy note. Miss Cholmondeley's worst fault is that she somewhat over-crowds her canvas. Her characters jostle one another and somewhat mar the strength of the story. But when all is said "Notwithstanding" is a notable book and a long way in advance of the average work of fiction.

"The Soul of a Suffragette." By W. L. Courtney. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

In this volume are seven short stories, each of which seems to have been designed to show us something of the piteousness and the irony of life. The first in the series, which gives its name to the collection, may be taken as a fair example. Here we have one Una Blockley, a girl who, without having any clear idea of the rights or wrongs of the case, joins the militant wing of the suffragist party. Her ideals have been derived from the lives of queens and virgin martyrs. "She mixed them all up, these great women of the olden time, and dimly conceived them as feminists and suffragettes, prematurely born to kindle the torch for their far-off successors." Capable of good human affection and love, she subordinated these things to her cause, and dropped a bomb into the basement of a Cabinet Minister's house, thereby endangering the life of a caretaker and his wife. Prison and the usual struggles to break prison discipline left her on her release a hopeless invalid, and Mr. Courtney asks whether hers was a wasted life. At the last moment he tries to convince us that something had taken place in her soul which made it all worth while, but the final touches can scarcely alter the picture which has been painted. In each of the other stories we find the same sort of idea, for we see men and women in every stage of blindness. Once there is Salome making beauty with her dancing, and once there is a woman sacrificing her life for a rogue husband, but always Mr. Courtney gives us the chance to admire the fineness of the deed before the catastrophe of its result. In all this there may be cheering matter for some recording angel, yet in a book intended for human readers with minds more or less limited to the earth it is comparatively cheerless consolation. There is, however, plenty to admire in the author's attempt to stage the thoughts which are not obvious.

"The Governor of England." By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen. 6s.

Here is a book which has England for its scene, Cromwell as its chief character, and the years of his life as its period. All the notable people of the time seem to appear at least once or twice in its pages, and we are asked to follow the great man himself from his farm at S. Ives through his career as Parliamentarian, soldier, and Protector, to his deathbed. The summary might lead one to expect chaos, but the actual result is only potted history. Miss Bowen has not forgotten all that she was taught at school about the Rebellion, and she has evidently given some more recent study to the subject, yet the really impressive thing in her novel is her amazing self-confidence. Shakespeare, born a hundred years later, might have attempted her task and done something worthy of the theme, but the name of no other English writer occurs to us. It is quite possible to say that this book is pleasantly written, and that it follows with accuracy the course of events. We may even add that it contains several careful sketches of celebrities, but always we must measure the distance between these words of praise and the thing at which Miss Bowen has aimed. We can only hope that to her talents will soon be added the senses of humour and proportion.

"Below Stairs," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Methuen, 6s.), though described by the publishers as "a comedy of servant life", appears in some of its scenes to reach the heart of domestic tragedy. The poor little

heroine has a bad time with black-beetles and others, and we are glad in the end to hear of her approaching marriage. In some respects it is a novel with a purpose, and we imagine that it will serve it mildly well.—**"The House of Silk,"** by Roy Meldrum (Melrose, 6s.), can only be described as a rather commonplace story of provincial manners. The author has a certain gift of humour, but he is too diffuse to be effective.—**"The Spanish Marriage,"** by Helen Mary Keynes (Chatto and Windus, 6s.).—A decidedly picturesque historical tale, in which the magnificent first Duke of Buckingham plays a leading part. Miss Keynes is a little dazzled by the lights of old times, but her fervour is not unpleasant.—**"The Eyes of Alicia,"** by Charles E. Pearce (Stanley Paul, 6s.).—A sensational novel, which opens with a murder in a railway carriage and goes on brightly.—**"Ashes of Vengeance,"** by H. B. Somerville (Hutchinson, 6s.).—The French wars of religion provide endless material for fiction, and in this book the Catholics and Huguenots play their parts as usual. After the clash of arms, we are given the happy assurance that love is stronger than hatred.—**"An Innocent Judas,"** by C. Procter (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.).—This is a novel with a fairly good plot, in which the main incident is the careless betrayal of a State secret to a woman journalist.—**"A Trap to Catch a Dream,"** by Dion Clayton Calthrop (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.).—Parts of Mr. Calthrop's new story are both pretty and fascinating. He tells how, on an island of the South Seas, a young Englishman found a delightful old French vagabond and his yet more charming daughter. The disappointing portion of the tale is the return to civilisation, for the author is most convincing when he is purely fantastic.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"The Story of the Great Armada." By John Richard Hale. Nelson. 5s. net.

This is a fair story. Mr. Hale knows better than to play for the honour of England with silly libels upon the enemy. If Spaniards of the Great Armada were gallant and reasonable men, all the more honour for Howard of Effingham. Many of the Spanish ships were ably managed and bravely fought in the running battle from Plymouth to Gravelines. Mr. Hale's story is a splendid antidote to Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" We have outgrown, since Kingsley, one or two pleasant assumptions as to the Great Armada. Kingsley wrote in the implicit faith that singing King Philip was always God's own quarrel on behalf of the Protestant religion. But there was some political economy, too; and something to be said in favour of resisting English piracy upon the high seas. Mr. Hale enables us to understand why men like Drake and Raleigh did not make the mistake of their historians. They did not despise the enemy. Only incompetent gentlemen-at-ease make that mistake. We hope this book, grounded upon solid authority, and wisely written, will be as widely read as Mr. Louis Parker's travesty of last year at His Majesty's Theatre was widely visited.

"With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem." By Stephen Graham. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

An old proverb says that with "patience even the snail reaches Jerusalem". And this divine gift of patience certainly possesses those quaint moujiks who form the discourse of Mr. Stephen Graham's most delightful and unusual book, "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem". For Mr. Graham has caught some of that elusive fire which inspired Torquato Tasso to write his "Jerusalem Delivered", and the volume is a prose-poem. He travelled to Jerusalem with the poor peasants of Russia, whose sole aim in life is to visit the Holy Land, even as that of the Mahometan burning to behold Mecca and the sacred Kaaba-stone, and who return to their own country feeling that the chief business of life is done and heaven assured; waiting for death with that grave, childlike simplicity which characterised their earlier fellow-race—the peasantry of ancient Egypt. It is a book which shows us how Jerusalem can yet be seen vested in Biblical glories which the rich tripper, betrothed to his hotel, his Baedeker, his guide, the hawkers, beggars, and souvenirs, never beholds nor realises—for it requires simplicity of soul, that "treasure of the humble", and exaltation of spirit and faith, poetry, and that triumph of mind over matter which comes of hardship and denial.

"Famous Artists and their Models." By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

In this book Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport, the author of "Royal Lovers and their Mistresses" and "The Love Affairs of the Vatican", adds another volume to his list. But in the present work he has done a great service in again vindicating

cating the vexed subject of the nude model from the vicious attacks of Mrs. Grundy, for, as he says, it is only in this natural and honourable fashion that "Artists, the constant dreamers of a royal dream, the ardent seekers of the beautiful, have given, and still continue to give, expression to their ideals and ideas by means of form, line, and colour, and it is above all the form of man, and especially that of woman, of which art avails itself to formulate its conceptions of the Beautiful". And it is well to learn in this book of the mediums which inspired the master-painters of most countries and periods, from Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto to the quaint mediæval fascination of Jan Matsys, the chaste appeal of Greuze and the plumper art of Van Dyck, that pupil of Rubens and the Don Juan of many *affaires du cœur*.

"The Desirable Alien." By Violet Hunt. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

After "The Doll" Miss Violet Hunt presents us with "The Desirable Alien", to which Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer adds a preface, several chapters, and some disquieting annotations. Although the book lacks lucidity of style in narration, all who like a light volume of impressions of the Fatherland, seen by one who beheld it as "the land of the good Grimm" and not as the hearth-place of "Bismarckism, Nietzscheism, and agnosticism of the Jatho type", will find much pleasure and food for reflection.

"The Farm Labourer: the History of a Modern Problem." By O. Jocelyn Dunlop. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

The black side of the history of the English farm labourer is not merely that he was thoughtlessly and in effect, if not by intention, cruelly exploited by the farmer, but that the country gentleman and the country parson suffered the system to go on, and with few exceptions raised no voice in protest. By degrees the more enterprising of the boys and young men escaped to the towns, and to these men and their descendants we owe the rancour against the land and the Church that is a factor in the politics of the day. But rural life was never such an unmixed misery as Mr. Dunlop's book would make out; low as wages were, the labourer did in fact live, brought up his children, and by authentic report managed to get more enjoyment out of life than was possible to the industrial workers of the time. But Mr. Dunlop's book is a political pamphlet under the guise of a piece of research; with its parade of references and quotations it will impose upon many as a piece of impartial history, but many of the sources are tainted, and the mode of selection is that of the advocate and not of the investigator. As one might expect, the conclusion it all leads up to is "back to the land", small holdings on leasehold and not on freehold, and all the panaceas to which we have been treated under the present Government. We can find no evidence that Mr. Dunlop knows the countryside except through books and political meetings. The earnings of the family have to be taken into the account, not merely the weekly wage of the labourer, if we are to understand how rural life persisted at all.

"The Six Panics, and Other Essays." By F. W. Hirst. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

We believed from the title of this book that the editor of the "Economist" would treat of Stock Exchange "panics", and were expecting some interesting economic essays. Instead of this we merely find a rehash of an old story, the fears that have overwhelmed this nation on various occasions when its armaments have been shown to be insufficient. It is easy enough to show that our attitude when under the influence of these panics has been undignified, but it is quite a different thing to prove that it was unjustified. Mr. Hirst seems to believe that these scares have been manufactured by the agents of armament contractors, who also apparently capture or corrupt our Ministers. These mysterious agents have much the same effect on his mind as the Jew on other well-known writers for the Press. It is no business of ours to defend Mr. Churchill or Mr. McKenna from his onslaughts, but it may be maintained with some confidence that the change in their attitude from violent opponents to supporters of naval expansion was based on increased knowledge of the realities of the naval situation. It may be argued with greater plausibility that we should never have had these panics if we had kept to a consistent policy of maintaining a definite superiority over other nations without continually talking about it. We admit that our scare scenes in Parliament have often been far from edifying, but they must be attributed to their real cause, the injudicious attempts to satisfy Radical critics of the school of Mr. Hirst. This results in our falling behind and a subsequent panic. But other nations have undignified panics too. Mr. Hirst seems to forget that Germany rejected Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's offer to reduce armaments. Some of the other

essays included in this volume are excellent, that on "English Newspapers" especially, wherein the criticism of our modern journalism by a highly competent journalist is well worth consideration. There is also a charming paper on "Foreign Travel". Mr. Hirst's views are rarely ours, but he seldom writes without saying something which arrests attention. He is also, alas! one of the few editors left who are also students and scholars.

Messrs. Dent have just issued another batch of the "Everyman" collection. Of the new set, "A Century of Essays" will be popular; though the selection is a little odd when we come to writers of to-day and yesterday. To omit Bagehot and put in Mr. Augustine Birrell seems more like an impudent challenge than sober choice. Nor is this the full extent of our editor's vagary. He puts in a paper of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and nothing of Mr. Bernard Shaw. This is preferring the shadow of wit to the substance. Mr. Max Beerbohm has written essays, but we do not find him here; though there is room for two papers by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Of other volumes we would choose, of modern books, Mr. G. W. E. Russell's biographical study of Gladstone; of classics, perhaps the most important addition is Swedenborg's "The Divine Providence".

"The People's Books" (T. C. and E. C. Jack) continue to come forth in twenties and dozens at sixpence each. We like these little books best when they treat of matters that may be settled out-and-out in some eighty small pages. We have discarded Kant's Philosophy and the life and works of Coleridge or Goethe for Mr. J. F. Wheeler's matter-of-fact exposition of the Stock Exchange. These books at their best are encyclopædic. This little book on the Stock Exchange would make a good article for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is very well done.

By an oversight, "The New Encyclopædia" (Jack) was noticed in this column on 27 September, whereas the day of publication was 2 October.

THE OCTOBER REVIEWS.

The Home Rule problem naturally looms large in the more serious of the monthly reviews. The "Nineteenth Century" has two articles on the subject, both by administrators who have distinguished themselves in the Empire over-seas—Sir Henry Blake, who has been Governor of Jamaica, Hong Kong, and Ceylon, and Sir Bampfylde Fuller, who will be remembered as the first Lieutenant-Governor of the much-disputed Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. Sir Henry Blake sums up the situation by saying that in the present position the alternatives are a General Election or armed resistance in Ulster. Which of these will be adopted can only be known when the completed Bill has been submitted for the Royal assent; but Sir Henry is far from thinking that the assent should follow as a matter of course, and is favourably inclined to the suggested petition to the King praying him to take means to ascertain the will of his people before accepting the advice of a Ministry palpably coerced by the Irish Nationalist party. If, however, the present Home Rule Bill were withdrawn, Sir Henry is convinced that there is ample room for a conference between the opposing forces; but he points out that Unionists are prepared to confer only on condition that the proposal to establish an Irish Parliament and Ministry is abandoned. Sir Bampfylde Fuller's article is of a very different character, and attempts to give a psychological view of the question. Some of the dicta contained in it will hardly be accepted without question. "The grant of Home Rule", he writes, "may be a counsel of despair. But it appears to be the only course which will afford to the people a Government which they can respect." He seems to see the solution in four Provincial Parliaments subordinated in some fashion to a central Parliament in Dublin—five Parliaments for four millions of people. There would then be a possible hope that party feeling might exhaust itself in the provincial assemblies, and that affairs which are essentially Imperial might be conducted with more continuity of policy.

In the "Fortnightly" "Curio" thinks that the position of affairs has altered, for Lord Loreburn's letter is the first sign that the waters of official Liberalism are seriously troubled over the Ulster problem. All the same, he distrusts the letter "as a deadly snare spread by an entirely innocent hand". "Curio" then considers the lines upon which the autumn campaign will be conducted. His conclusion is that Mr. Lloyd George's only chance is that Toryism will go back on its historic principles and refuse to consider the economic grievances either of the industrial or agricultural working classes. Short of any such act of folly, however, the last

weapon of Radicalism breaks in its hands. The Irish problem alone remains, and Ulster dominates the situation. Consequently, the duty of the Unionist leaders during the few short months which remain to them before the crisis gets beyond control is to make the militant organisation of Unionism in opposition to Home Rule a living reality. The writer of "Episodes of the Month" in the "National Review" thinks that "the chief value of Lord Loreburn's letter is that, coming as it does from a consistent and unimpeachable Home Ruler, it knocks the bottom out of the present preposterous Bill". Though neither Lord Loreburn nor anybody else can make out a case for a conference, his diagnosis of the situation greatly strengthens the demand for "A Dissolution before Civil War", which is all that the petitioners to the King propose; and the "National Review" is all in favour of such a petition. An article by Lord Willoughby de Broke considers the Unionist position, and makes an attempt to describe the frame of mind of many people who would like to vote for the Unionist party. While not underestimating the value of a constructive policy, he is inclined to think that "at least as many people will vote Unionist in order to conserve certain things, and to knock out Mr. George, as from a wild desire to see the Unionists try their hands on our land and social system". "The Union" should accordingly be the great rallying cry. In the "Contemporary", Sir E. T. Cook discusses the proposal for a conference at some length from the Liberal point of view. His main position seems to be that while the Government have technically a strong right and justification for going full-steam ahead and for carrying their scheme through by what may be called the policy of the high hand, still the arguments in favour of peace, not at any price, but at almost any price, are stronger still. The grounds upon which Sir E. T. Cook considers that Lord Loreburn has done a great service to the State are that he has caused some stalwart Home Rulers to come out into the open with an expression of willingness to consider the grant of large powers of local autonomy to Protestant Ulster; that he has given increased emphasis to a conviction among certain influential Unionists that the Irish question demands settlement on broadly national lines; and lastly, that he has caused many Unionists to express their misgivings about an alliance between Conservatism and anarchy.

Apart from the Irish question, the reviews this month are of exceptionally wide interest. In the "Nineteenth Century" there is a striking article by Mr. J. M. Kennedy on "What the Workmen Think" in regard to politics. Mr. Kennedy believes that the average English workman is thoroughly in harmony with the great traditions of the Conservative party, but that as his main problem of existence is an economic one, he is compelled in the meantime to follow Liberal and Socialist banners because there is no Conservative one. Field-Marshal Lord Methuen gives some eulogistic "Impressions of the Territorial Force", and Mr. H. Fielding-Hall condemns the Indian Civil Service in an article entitled "The Danger in India". Here Mr. Fielding-Hall is in the company of Sir Henry Cotton, who contributes a jeremiad on the same subject in the "Contemporary". In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Sidney Low has an excellent article on "Lord Kitchener's Egypt"; Sir William Lee-Warner pleads for a continuance of the policy of free trade in India; Mr. H. W. J. Stone deals faithfully with the failure of the Labour Exchanges; and Mr. Percy F. Martin lays stress on the little-known fact that the root of the present Mexican imbroglio lies in the land question. Earl Percy contributes to the "National Review" a study of the German War of Liberation in 1813, and Mr. T. Comyn Platt gives a short sketch of Sir Edward Carson's career and personality. In an article entitled "From Bogota to Bedford" Mr. Maxse continues his onslaught on the administration and investment of the Liberal Party funds, and categorically asserts that the Ministerial Chief Whip was giving instructions for the purchase of Home Railway stock (he gives a list of the stocks in question) during the coal strike which the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General were engaged in settling. In the "Contemporary", Sir W. F. Barrett, one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research, appropriately comments on Sir Oliver Lodge's Birmingham address; Mr. Havelock Ellis discusses the question, "Would eugenics stamp out genius?" and Mr. R. B. Batty enters a plea for the proposal to make eighteen the minimum legal age at which intoxicants can be supplied to young persons. The "British Review" is less interesting than usual; but the Headmaster of Sherborne contributes a very sensible article on the Olympic Games, and Monsignor Hugh Benson writes a pleasant little episode "From the Chronicles of a Religious House".

The "Cornhill" opens with an unpublished poem by Robert Browning, "Epps", a dramatic lyric on a sixteenth-century episode; "George Wyndham" is a personal impression of a striking character, written by Mr. Charles Boyd, who for eighteen years was closely associated with him; and "Court-Life and Camp-Life", Lady Login's recollections told by her daughter, has some interesting reminiscences of the early part of last century. "Blackwood" is, as usual, worth reading from cover to cover. Mr. Alfred Noyes contributes a poem, "The Winepress", dealing with the recent Balkan War and containing one or two typical purple patches and striking phrases, and the writer of "Musings without Method" has some caustic things to say of the "Palace of Peace". "Harper's" and "Scribner's", though in lighter vein, are equally interesting. Mr. Roosevelt contributes to the latter a very informing article on "The Life-History of the African Elephant", which is accompanied by some excellent photographs; but Mr. Norman Duncan's impressions of a voyage from London to Australia, with its sneers at the English people on board, is hardly worthy of "Harper's". The fiction in both magazines is copious and varied. "The World's Work", which has now absorbed "The Arena", contains an interesting account of the newer immunity methods of fighting diseases, such as typhoid, and a sketch of "The Sudan's Red Sea Port"—Port Sudan—by Mr. J. Engledew.

Articles devoted to literature and the arts occupy less space than usual. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes to the "National Review" a characteristic essay on Streatham Place, the "country house" of the Thrales; the "Fortnightly" has an account of a meeting between Don Quixote and Hamlet by Dr. Brandes, and a dissection of "Mr. Galsworthy as Dramatist" by Mr. P. P. Howe; the "Nineteenth Century" contains an article on Diderot by Mr. Francis Gribble, and two cognate essays on "The Meaning of Memory", by Mr. W. S. Lilly, and on "Humour", by Miss Macnaughtan; while in "The World's Work" Mr. Frank Rutter surveys the work of the Russian sculptor, Naoum Aronson.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

- Art in Spain and Portugal (Marcel Dieulafoy). Heinemann. 6s. net.
Greek Art and National Life (S. C. Kaines Smith). Nisbet. 7s. 6d. net.
The Second Annual Volume of the Walpole Society, 1912-1913. Issued only to subscribers.
Ancient Painted Glass in England, 1170-1500 (Philip Nelson). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.
The Art of Silhouette (Desmond Coke). Secker. 10s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

- The Empress Frederick: A Memoir. Nisbet. 15s. net.
My Father: Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences (Estelle W. Stead). Heinemann. 10s. net.
A Vagabond Courtier: From the Memoirs and Letters of Baron Charles Louis von Pöllnitz (Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell). Stanley Paul. 2 vols. 24s. net.
The Romance of an Elderly Poet: Revealed by George Crabbe's Correspondence with Elizabeth Charter (A. M. Broadley and Walter Jerrold). Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.
Lord North, Second Earl of Guilford, K.G., 1732-1792 (Reginald Lucas). Humphreys. 2 vols. 21s. net.
James S. Wadsworth of Genesee, Brevet Major-General of United States Volunteers (Henry Greenleaf Pearson). Murray. 16s. net.
Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz, with a Sketch of his Life and Work (edited by G. R. Agassiz). Constable. 14s. net.
Cesare Borgia (William Harrison Woodward). Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.
Walter Pater: A Critical Study (Edward Thomas). Secker. 7s. 6d. net.
Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy (Lord Newton). Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net.
William Augustus Duke of Cumberland: His Early Life and Times, 1721-1748 (The Hon. Evan Charteris). Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.
Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days (E. Blantyre Simpson). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

CLASSICS.

- Greek Imperialism (William Scott Ferguson). Constable. 8s. 6d. net.
Stoics and Sceptics (Edwyn Bevan). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

- Mates (Dugald Ferguson). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
The Victims (George Willoughby). Heinemann. 6s.
The Mercenary: A Tale of the Thirty Years' War (W. J. Eccott). Blackwood. 6s.

Where the Strange Roads Go Down (Gertrude Page). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
 The Turkish Outlaw (Percy Green). Everett. 6s.
 The Passing of Oul-i-but and Other Tales (Alan Sullivan). Dent. 6s.
 Fascination (Cecil Champain Lewis); Two Little Parisians (Pierre Milles). Lane. 6s. each.
 Joan Thursday (Louis Joseph Vance). Grant Richards. 6s.
 The Dark Flower (John Galsworthy); The Truth about Camilla (Gertrude Hall). Heinemann. 6s. each.
 Theila Intervenes (Stephen McKenna). Jenkins. 6s.
 Green Girl (Mrs. Henry Tippett); Sowing Clover (George Woull). Long. 6s. each.
 Otherwise Phyllis (Meredith Nicholson). Constable. 6s.
 Telling the Truth (William Hewlett). Secker. 6s.
 The Door that has no Key (Cosmo Hamilton). Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 A Dinner of Herbs (Algernon Gissing). White. 6s.
 The Crystall Family (Mrs. Humphry Ward). Smith, Elder. 6s.
 A Doubtful Character (Mrs. Baillie Reynolds); Disarm! Disarm! (Baroness Bertha von Suttner); The Secret of Lonesome Cove (Samuel Hopkins Adams); A Holiday Engagement (Beatrice Clay and Claribel Spurling). 6s. each;
 The Plain Man and his Wife (Arnold Bennett). 2s. 6d. net. Hodder and Stoughton.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Feats of Fozzle (Gunby Hadath); The Scouts of Seal Island (Percy F. Westerman); The Mystery of Markham (Warren Bell). Black. 3s. 6d. each.
 The Strange Story Book (edited by Andrew Lang). Longmans. 6s.
 The Secret of the Sea (Ethel Turner). Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
 Tales of Hoffmann (Retold from Offenbach's Opera by Cyril Falls). Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.
 Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald. Illustrated by René Bull). Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.

HISTORY.

England since Waterloo (J. A. K. Marriott). Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.
 The Making of the Australian Commonwealth, 1889-1900 (Bernard Ringrose Wise). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.
 A Brief History of the Westley Richards Firm, 1812-1913 (Leslie B. Taylor). Stratford-upon-Avon: Shakespeare Head Press. 3s. 6d. net.
 The Physician in English History (Norman Moore). Cambridge: At the University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
 Vie de Bohème: A Patch of Romantic Paris (Orlo Williams). Secker. 15s. net.

LAW.

Compulsory Arbitration in Industrial Disputes (William Frederick Hamilton). Butterworth. 3s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

Glimpses of Indian Birds (Douglas Dewar). Lane. 7s. 6d. net.
 Aviation (Algernon E. Berriman). 10s. 6d. net; The Complete Athletic Trainer (S. A. Mussabini). 5s. net. Methuen.
 Garden Trees and Shrubs (Walter P. Wright). Headley. 12s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

University of London.—University College Calendar, Session 1913-14. Taylor and Francis.
 A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Sir James A. H. Murray), vol. x. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 5s. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Bohn's Popular Library:—The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778 (edited by Annie Raine Ellis), 2 vols.; The French Revolution (Thomas Carlyle), 3 vols.; The Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 2 vols.; Tom Jones (Henry Fielding), 2 vols.; Shakespeare's Heroines (Anna Jameson); The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (translated by George Long); History of the French Revolution from 1789 to 1814 (F. A. M. Mignet); The Essays of Michel de Montaigne (translated by Charles Cotton), 3 vols.; History of the Popes during the Last Four Centuries (Leopold von Ranke), 3 vols.; The Warden (Anthony Trollope); Barchester Towers (Anthony Trollope). Bell. 1s. 6d. net each.
 The Waverley Dickens: Centenary Tribute Edition:—Bleak House (Introduction by John Galsworthy), 2 vols.; Martin Chuzzlewit (Introduction by Max Pemberton), 2 vols.; David Copperfield (Introduction by Hall Caine), 2 vols.; Our Mutual Friend (Introduction by William de Morgan), 2 vols.; Hard Times (Introduction by G. Bernard Shaw); Oliver Twist (Introduction by A. C. Benson). The Waverley Book Co. 2s. 6d. net each.
 La Croisée des Chemins (Henry Bordeaux); La Hermana San Sulpicio (Armando Palacio Valdés). Nelson. 1s. net each.
 Roswitha. Part I.—Roswitha's Day (Otto Ernst). Simpkin. 1s. 6d. net.
 A Tarpaulin Muster (John Masefield). Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.
 A Message from Mars (Lester Lurgan). Greening. 1s. net.
 Gossip in a Library (Edmund Gosse). Heinemann. 6s. net.

Collection Gallia.—La Tentation de Saint-Antoine (Gustave Flaubert); L'Ennemi des Lois (Maurice Barrès); Pensées (Blaise Pascal); La Princesse de Clèves (Madame de la Fayette); Contes Philosophiques (Honoré de Balzac); Poésies Nouvelles (Alfred de Musset). Dent. 1s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

An Atlas of Commercial Geography (Compiled by Fawcett Allen), 3s. 6d. net.; Exercises and Problems in English History, 1485-1820 (Compiled by W. J. R. Gibbs); An Elementary Latin Grammar (Arthur Sloman); Edmund Burke—Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents (edited by W. Murison). 2s. 6d. each. Cambridge: At the University Press.
 Preliminary English Course (A. M. Walmsley). University Tutorial Press. 1s. 6d.
 Practical Geometry and Graphics for Advanced Students (Joseph Harrison and G. A. Baxendall), 6s.; A First Book of Practical Mathematics (T. S. Usherwood and C. J. A. Trimble), 1s. 6d. Macmillan.

THEOLOGY.

Christ the Creative Ideal: Studies in Colossians and Ephesians (Rev. W. L. Walker), 5s.; Studies in the Apocalypse (R. H. Charles), 4s. 6d. net. Edinburgh: Clark.
 The Early History of the Liturgy (J. H. Srawley). Cambridge: At the University Press. 6s. net.
 The New Testament: The Authorised Version, Corrected (the Text Prepared by the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.). Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

The Pilgrim from Chicago: Being More Rambles with an American (Christian Tearle). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.
 Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales (J. E. Buckrose). Mills and Boon. 3s. 6d. net.
 The Latest Light on Bible Lands (P. S. P. Handcock). S.P.C.K. 6s. net.
 From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile: An Account of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-1911 (Adolf Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg). Duckworth, 2 vols. 32s. net.
 Australia from a Woman's Point of View (Jessie Ackermann). Cassell. 6s.
 Round the British Empire (Alex. Hill). Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.
 An Artist in Italy (Written and Painted by Walter Tyndale). Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net.
 Ulster Folklore (Elizabeth Andrews). Stock. 5s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Chiefly of Heroes (Millicent Wedmore). Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.
 Songs of Changing Skies (John Preeland). Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.
 Foliage (William H. Davies). Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.
 St. Francis of Assisi: A Play in Five Acts (J. A. Peladan). Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.
 The Spirit of a Doll: and Poems (K. C. Spiers). Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.
 The Daffodil Fields (John Masefield). Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.
 Odes (Laurence Binyon). Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
 The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann (edited by Ludwig Lewisohn). Vol. II. Social Dramas. Secker. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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 REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.—The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; The Hibbert Journal, 2s. 6d. net; The British Review, 1s. net; The World's Work, 1s. net; The Army Review, 1s.; Harper's Monthly Magazine, 1s.; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Antiquary, 6d.; The Financial Review of Reviews, 1s. net; Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net; The Westminster Review, 2s. 6d. net; Bird Notes and News, 3d.; Mécheroutiette; Deutsche Rundschau, 4 marks 50 pf.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

HAVING regard to the variety of depressing influences—the somewhat doubtful situation in the Balkans, the cotton crisis in Lancashire, the unfavourable monetary position, the Jewish holidays, and the apathy of the public—the condition of the stock markets has not been so bad this week. The explanation is that although investment business remains at a very low ebb and the speculative demand is still smaller, professional traders are nervous about indulging in short sales. Consequently prices are merely marked down gingerly by jobbers, and if by chance any demand does spring up the supply of stock is found to be very small, and quotations recover promptly.

The developments in the money market which necessitated the advance in the Bank rate to 5 per cent. came quickly, and although Lombard Street was prepared, Throgmorton Street was taken by surprise; but it did not matter, because there is not sufficient business to be affected by higher rates. The outflow of gold to Egypt has now become rapid. Over £6,000,000 has gone since the middle of August, which is twice the amount at this time last year. During the week ended Wednesday last over £2,000,000 of gold was taken from the Bank for export, and as the end-quarter internal requirements amounted to another million the Bank's gold reserve was brought down to £37,597,823, which is approximately the figure at which it stood in October last year, when the rate was increased from 4 to 5 per cent. But it is not so much the Egyptian as the continental demand for gold that has necessitated a higher Bank rate. In view of the large loans which Paris bankers are arranging to float as soon as opportunity permits, it had become desirable that the Bank should take the usual protective measures to prevent the gold expected from Argentina going to France.

Amidst so much depressing news it was pleasant to turn to the optimistic statement of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy concerning the outlook for the Canadian Pacific Company. He expects to see the recent decreases in traffics effaced by the results of the bountiful crops; in the last decade the gross profits have increased from forty-three to 139 millions of dollars per annum, and there should be a proportionate increase in the next ten years.

The falling-off in the demand for land in Canada is reflected in the Hudson's Bay Company's figures for the last quarter, the total sales amounting to £30,300, against £85,500. The receipts for the half-year to 30 September total £214,800, as compared with £485,000, but it will be remembered that last year's figures were abnormally large owing to the special sale of lots in the Edmonton reserve.

No less than 57 per cent. of the Canadian loan has been left with the underwriters, which, though disappointing, is hardly surprising in view of the higher yields which can be obtained elsewhere with reasonably good security. The Alberta loan of £1,000,000 in 4½ per cents. at 95 should have a better chance.

In the Home Railway department some attention has been given to South-Easterns and Chathams because of the negotiations in progress to bring fresh blood and capital into the management of the Kent coal industry. As regards Americans, there is now a growing disposition to believe that the Union Pacific "melon" will not be large enough to cut. The dividends declared by the Argentine railway companies this week were in accordance with expectations, and would have passed without comment but for the large carry-forward of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway, amounting to nearly £500,000, against £136,000.

A good deal of attention is still being given to the copper market, bearish features being emphasised by a certain section of operators. The Rio Tinto directors in their dividend statement remark that the world's stocks of the metal are much reduced, and that the output is a little below the consumption. A world-wide reaction in trade, which is expected in some quarters,

would, however, alter this condition. Mining markets generally remain uninteresting.

As regards the agitation for a central selling agency for plantation rubber, it may be observed that the support to the scheme so far only represents about one-third of the minimum of 30,000 tons which the Malacca board considers essential to success. In Oil shares the feature at the moment is Lobitos, which company is likely to be absorbed by the Shell interests. As the company is under excellent management it should make a good bargain, especially as the Standard Oil interests are believed to be competing with the Shell for control. Taking markets as a whole, there is not much chance of a general upward movement, but some spasmodic improvements may be seen in isolated stocks.

Consols (Thursday's closing 73½-73⅞ for money, and 73⅞-73¾ for the November account; a decline of ⅞ on the week).

Bank rate 5 per cent. (increased from 4½ per cent. 2 October).

INSURANCE.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

SOUTH of the Tweed the demand for life assurance in accordance with the semi-tontine plan devised in 1837 by the founders of the Scottish Provident Institution has steadily diminished in intensity, and even the North British patrons of this old mutual society have become less enthusiastic than was formerly the case. In recent years, indeed, the trend of public opinion—probably influenced by economic and social changes—has been clearly defined, and the prosperity of the business would have been imperilled had not the directors some time ago decided to grant endowment assurances in a popular form, surplus being allotted "by way of uniform percentage reversionary additions to the sums assured and existing bonuses". But for this innovation the Scottish Provident might already have ceased to rank among our progressive institutions; at all events, the increase of the premium income would have been comparatively trivial, and must have come to an end before very long. As a matter of fact, the last valuation, as at 31 December 1908, plainly showed that the original scheme had lost much of its popularity. Between 1901 and 1908 the total premiums, less re-assurances, increased from £637,947 to £667,807, or by nearly £30,000; whereas the valuation made at the end of those two years revealed the following changes, so far as ordinary assurances with participation in profits were concerned:

	Policies in Force. No.	Sums Assured and Bonuses. £	Office Yearly Premiums. £
31 December 1901 ...	33,579	22,901,170	532,950
31 December 1908 ...	33,397	24,333,786	497,462

This adverse comparison proved how imperative it had become in 1901 to establish a new class of policy-holders. During the seven years ended 1908 the participating premiums decreased, as will be seen, by more than £35,000, and there would have been a poor set-off in the fact that the premiums derived from non-participating policies had increased meanwhile from £96,083 to £129,857. Fortunately for the Institution, a special endowment assurance scheme had been put into effect in 1902, and had met with considerable support, as no fewer than 2670 such contracts, assuring £864,396 at an annual premium of £41,238, were in force on 31 December 1908, and the demand for them was steadily increasing.

Not until the first quinquennial investigation is made, as at 31 December next, and the valuation statements are available, will the effects of an enlightened policy be fully realised, but the results obtained during the last four years indicate that the departure referred to has so far proved thoroughly successful, ensuring the permanent prosperity of the Institution and its members. Between December 1908 and December 1912 there was a further increase of the premium income to £684,932, the amount of the funds advanced from £14,185,796 to £15,386,007, the net receipts from interest, dividends,

(Continued on page 440.)

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and rents rose from £531,133 to £587,495, and the revenue derived from the sale of annuities rather more than doubled. All these increases are evidently of a substantial character, and they justify belief in the continuous expansion of the business of the Institution, taken as a whole. The annual reports do not, however, enable one to determine exactly in what directions headway was being made during these four years; for precise information we must await the report for 1913, which will contain the directors' careful survey of the work performed during the current quinquennium—the first in the history of the Institution. It is manifest, all the same, that most progress has been obtained in connexion with the sale of special endowment assurances and annuity bonds, and it will probably be found that the percentage of assurance contracts not carrying profits has further risen.

Successive accounts show that the amount of the endowment assurance fund (special participating class) increased from £110,484 in 1908 to £155,552 in 1909, to £213,499 in 1910, to £282,957 in 1911, and to £367,312 at the end of last year; while the sums received in respect of annuities sold were £60,072 in 1908, £59,301 in 1909, £72,208 in 1910, £79,602 in 1911, and £128,513 in 1912. Furthermore, the new business returns indicate that the character of the business transacted by the Institution, which underwent a notable change during the 1902-8 septennium, has continued to alter, more policies being completed for a smaller average premium. This fact, coupled with the evidence possessed in regard to the increasing popularity of the special endowment assurances, for which higher premiums are charged, undoubtedly suggests that the Society's non-participating connexions have also enlarged, and may now represent about 14 per cent. of the total sum assured, compared with 12.3 per cent. in 1908, and only 6.3 per cent. in 1887.

It may be expected, all the same, that the members, who will receive their bonus allotments next spring, are momentarily more concerned with the probable amount of those allotments than with any other problem affecting the future of the Institution with which they are assured. If so, they can set their minds at rest; since 1908 the Scottish Provident has remained generally prosperous, and has made sound progress in certain directions. In each of the four years the mortality experience proved exceptionally favourable, and the rate of interest earned steadily rose, an average of £3 18s. 8d. per cent. throughout the 1902-8 septennium being succeeded by £3 19s. 1d. per cent. in 1909, £4 per cent. in 1910 and 1911, and £4 1s. 5d. per cent. last year. Furthermore, the Institution has one strong point in its favour. When the latest septennium ended £140,000 was retained as an investment reserve fund, and in 1912 a sum of £50,000 was applied to writing down securities, enabling the directors to state that on 31 December last the market valuation of the assets exceeded in the aggregate that shown in the balance sheet. A rise in the expense-ratio has, however, occurred, but this appears to be largely due to increased new business, and to the fact that the premiums on a larger number of policies have been paid up in full. Provision for these policies was, however, made at the last investigation, and they will not appreciably affect the coming bonus.

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HEALTH TALKS.

NERVOUS DISORDERS: THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

EIGHT people out of every ten have some form of nervous weakness. True, they may not realise it at the moment, but they have it all the same. Sooner or later they suffer from one or other of the many symptoms which mark this condition.

Thus, one person may suffer from sleeplessness, another from loss of memory, a third from depression of spirits; while, in others, there may be great fatigue after slight exertion, utter lassitude, inability to fix the attention for any length of time on a given subject, and twitching of different parts of the body, etc. Others, again, suffer from so-called "Nervous Dyspepsia," which may induce a long train of disagreeable and highly-disquieting symptoms.

The great cause of nervous disorders is, undoubtedly, a deficiency in the body's supply of phosphorus, which is due to its too rapid use to meet the strain involved in work, business, or pleasure. A sufficiency of phosphorus is essential for the health of the nervous system, the blood, etc. It is only when we begin to make overdrafts on the body's supply of phosphorus that suffering ensues. This suffering does not cease until these overdrafts have been made up by restoring the phosphorus to its original quantity. Ordinary phosphorus, however, and the common drugs which contain it are almost useless for this purpose. The phosphorus must be in the form known as "organic," and in "chemical combination," to achieve this result.

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MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited, was held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, this morning, for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing as an extraordinary resolution a resolution increasing the capital of the Company. Commendatore G. Marconi, LL.D., D.Sc., Chairman of the Company, presided.

The Secretary (Mr. Henry W. Allen, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice calling the meeting,

The Chairman said: I now move "That the Capital of the Company be increased by the creation of 500,000 new Ordinary Shares of £1 each, to be issued to such persons, firms, or corporations, at such times and at and upon such price or prices, terms and conditions as the Directors think fit, such shares to rank for dividends declared in respect of the period commencing the 1st day of January, 1914, but in all other respects to rank *pari passu* with the existing 750,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each." This being purely a business matter, I will ask Mr. Godfrey Isaacs to be good enough, in seconding this motion, to make the statement which I think you will expect in regard to it.

Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs (Managing Director): Ladies and gentlemen,—If this resolution be passed, as I have no doubt it will, and subsequently confirmed at the further meeting to be held for that purpose on the 26th instant, it is the intention, as you have been informed by the circular, to make an immediate issue of 250,000 of the shares, and offer them to the shareholders at the price of £25 5s. per share. Of the remaining 250,000 shares, part will be issued for cash in connection with the arrangements which have been made with respect to the shares to be acquired in the Cie. Universelle de Télégraphie et Téléphone sans Fil, of France, and the balance for the present will remain unissued. I do not suppose for one moment that the recommendation to increase the Company's capital will have come as any surprise to the shareholders, for it is very general knowledge that wireless telegraphy has become a very important industry not only in this country and in Europe but in very nearly every country in the world. It is, in our opinion, destined to play a very important part indeed in the future telegraphic business of the world, and shareholders are aware that the policy of this Company aims at conducting that telegraphic business for its own account wherever it may be possible. Considerable progress has been made in that direction in recent times, and a number of important concessions have been secured which will provide to the Company the means of organising telegraphic services with some of the busiest commercial centres of the world. Negotiations are pending with other countries, and we have every reason to believe that they will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion in the very near future. You will have learned also from the circular sent to you that we are acquiring a large number of shares in the Cie. Universelle de Télégraphie et Téléphone sans Fil, which Company owns the rights throughout the world, with the exception of the interior of Germany, of Dr. Goldschmidt's high-frequency alternator and his other wireless patents. I wish to say a word or two to you with reference to these arrangements in order that there may be no misunderstanding. The Cie. Universelle de Télégraphie et Téléphone sans Fil is a Company registered in France with a subscribed capital of 10,000,000 francs, in 100,000 shares of 100 francs each, and 100,000 Parts Beneficiaires or Founder Shares, which participate in the profits to the extent of 45 per cent., thus making the capital equal to nearly 20,000,000 francs or £800,000. This capital was subscribed by a few important and very influential persons, who wield considerable power in certain countries abroad. Their Board is composed of men of eminence and ability in France, Germany, and this country, and their support of the Goldschmidt system, no matter what might be its merits—and upon this subject I shall have a word or two to say later—represented a serious menace to our programme in certain countries; we did not fear their competition, but we were anxious that they should not prevent or delay our obtaining certain concessions to which we attached importance. The Company is in possession of some 7,500,000 francs, or £300,000, in liquid capital, and therefore in this respect also carries no small weight in the foreign countries to which I have referred. From every point of view—and in using these words I mean to cover something more than the interests of our Company—it appeared to your Directors to be of the utmost importance that we should secure the telegraph services which are embraced in our programme becoming an English enterprise under the control and direction of an English Company. These are some of the considerations which induced us to make the arrangements we have made with the Compagnie Universelle de Télégraphie et Téléphone sans Fil. We are satisfied with the conditions we have obtained, and believe we have entered into transactions which will prove beneficial to the Company. All the shares in the Cie. Universelle de Télégraphie et Téléphone sans Fil which were previously held in Germany pass into our hands, and all the German Directors retire from the Board—a consideration of no small importance in France, and one which we hope will enable the Cie. Universelle, who will also probably hold the Marconi long-distance licence for France and the French Colonies, to secure the whole of the important business in wireless telegraphy which is comprised in the programme of the French Government. It is probable that the Goldschmidt patents for the rest of the world will become the property of the Marconi Company. A good deal more has been written about the Goldschmidt system, mainly with the object of attacking the Government in connection with the contract for the Imperial stations; but these are matters which do not concern us; they are political, and the Marconi Company has no politics. But when the public is told, as one paper has told them, that the nation's interests have been sacrificed, I for one protest, for it would seem to me that the course we have taken will prove to be of very marked advantage to the nation. Should the Goldschmidt machine prove the better, the nation will have the benefit of it under the contract with our Company without any extra cost and without having run any risk. Had the arrangement which we have entered into not been made, the Government would not have had the opportunity of such a comparative test; but if it had, does anybody suppose that, if the superiority proved to be with the Goldschmidt machine, that the German and French interests would have been willing to furnish it on any better terms, if as good, as those entered into with this Company. The Government has dealt with an English Company; if the foreign machine prove of advantage, the Government still get the benefit of it through an English Company. Is that how the nation's interests have been sacrificed? And again, if the Goldschmidt machine prove to be of the value that some contend, and markedly superior, as it pleases others to say, to the Marconi machine, the commercial wireless telegraph business of the world would have been in the hands of foreign companies, whereas by our arrangements they will be in the control of an English Company. Is that a sacrifice of the nation? I will say no more upon that subject. I hope I have said enough to convince you that whether the Marconi continuous wave machine or the Goldschmidt continuous wave machine, or a combination of the two, prove the best in wireless telegraphy, the Marconi Company will possess them, and under the contract the nation will have the benefit of them. Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will approve the course we have taken and pass the resolution which the Chairman will submit to you. It may interest shareholders to know that 2,303 shareholders, representing 275,657 shares, have signified their approval and sent us their proxies.

The Chairman put the resolution to the meeting, and it was carried unanimously without discussion.

LITERARY NOTES.

FROM THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF
M.A.B. (MAINLY ABOUT BOOKS).

- ¶ President Poincaré's book, "How France is Governed" (Second Impression, 7/6 net), is being much reviewed and discussed in the English Press. "When," says the *Spectator*, "the President of the French Republic becomes an author he is sure to find readers. But M. Poincaré has not trusted to this certainty. He has made doubly sure by giving us a book packed full of information not easily obtained elsewhere."
- ¶ Sir Gaston Maspero is one of the oldest and foremost of living Egyptologists, and no man can speak on the subject of Egypt with greater authority. His new book, "Egyptian Art" (21/- net) is a finely illustrated volume on the art of the Nile, particularly in relation to the religious ideas expressed.
- ¶ Professor Arminius Vambery, C.V.O., the distinguished publicist and Oriental scholar, has just died in Budapest at the great age of 81. His last book, "The Story of My Struggles," was written at Mr. Unwin's suggestion, and published by him in 1904. A cheap edition is now obtainable in one volume. Price 2/6 net.
- ¶ Three thousand copies of the French edition of "Modern Russia," by G. Alexinsky, were sold within three months of publication. The volume is a brilliant and encyclopædic study of present day conditions and tendencies. Mr. Unwin publishes the English edition at 15/- net.
- ¶ "A story of unsurpassed fascination in the annals of science," is *The Daily Telegraph's* opinion of Dr. Wrench's "LORD LISTER: his Life and Work." The first large edition is nearly sold out. Price 15/- net.
- ¶ Pierre Garat is but little known to English readers. Yet he was the greatest singer of his time, the acknowledged beau and arbiter of fashion, the Don Juan of the Directory. He frequented the salons of Barras and Tallien, and became the acknowledged leader of fashion, the arbiter of "ton," the ornament of the *Incroyables* and the *Muscadins*. Now his life is told in brilliant fashion by Bernard Miall, with the title "Pierre Garat: Singer and Exquisite (1762-1823)." The volume is profusely illustrated. 10/6 net.
- ¶ The Right Hon. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Agriculture, writes to the publisher of "The Tyranny of the Countryside": "Please accept my thanks for Mr. Green's 'Tyranny of the Countryside.' There are unanswerable facts in the book which ought to vitalise the conscience of England about its countryfolk, and their life in unhappy districts." A revised and cheaper edition is now on sale. Price 2/- net.
- ¶ In "The Matterhorn," Guido Rey's splendid monograph of the mountain, "Mr. Fisher Unwin has produced another of those splendid Alpine books which send a thrill through the heart of the mountaineer and arouse a mild and fascinating dread in the flat-lander." A cheaper edition of the book has just been issued. Profusely illustrated. Price 10/6 net.
- ¶ Mr. Rowland Kenney will be remembered as the author of a striking article in the *English Review* on "The Brains Behind the Labour Revolt." His new Book "Men and Rails" (6/- net) deals specially with the railway problem in relation to the workers. Their conditions of labour, hours, wages, and peculiar risks and grievances are set forth, and a comprehensive survey of their struggles for better conditions is given.
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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications ; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

With this week's "Saturday Review" is issued, gratis, a Twenty-page Literary Supplement.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now that Mr. Churchill has invited peace, how will the parties meet? What is their likely manner of approach? We suggest that the approach is already made in an agreement between Mr. Churchill and Mr. F. E. Smith as to how Mr. Churchill should present his invitation and how Mr. Smith should receive it. Are we to believe that Mr. Smith had no idea what Mr. Churchill would say at Dundee or that Mr. Churchill had no idea as to how Mr. Smith would take it?

Mr. Churchill's speech has helped to clear the air. Some of the critics have called it cryptic; but there is nothing cryptic about his appeal for peace and a settlement by consent. He does not give the details of the Government's intentions, or of the limits within which they are prepared to compromise. But he has signed to Mr. Redmond; and the next move lies with the Nationalist leader.

Mr. Churchill has certainly strengthened his reputation by this speech. How will Mr. Redmond answer? He knows the limits of his power and the realities of the position; but there is Mr. Devlin to be reckoned with, and the extremist section of the Nationalists. If Mr. Redmond is not strong enough to risk a revolt in his own ranks, he will have to bully the Government in public once more; his next speech will define his position in his own party as well as his party's attitude to Ulster. But should he capitulate to Mr. Devlin the Government will have to show its hand plainly and quickly.

Mr. McKenna, on the other hand, whose temper, never the most equable in the world, appears to have been irritated by the talk of a prospective Labour candidate in his constituency, declared himself opposed to any conference or compromise on Home Rule earlier in the week. He repeated the usual formula that the public mind—meaning that part of it which voted for the Government three years ago—was determined to grant self-government to Ireland and religious equality to Wales. Mr. McKenna put the question, What is there to confer about? Conference, said he, meant nothing but procrastination; does he then wish to hurry into civil war? Clearly the country will look in vain to the Home Secretary.

Mr. Murray Macdonald is wiser. His remedy is a Conference, but an enlarged Conference which would include the reform of the House of Lords and Imperial Federation as well as the Ulster question. Surely it will be enough to settle Ulster first, and leave for a while the famous preamble to the Parliament Act. Mr. Murray Macdonald has, as usual, the best intentions; but he is ineffectual.

The position of the Ulster leaders is clear. The exclusion of Ulster from the Bill is the one thing they demand, and that demand is backed by preparation for resistance. This week some of the standing orders of the Ulster Covenanters have been seen in London, and the calm precision of the arrangements speaks as plainly as the Covenant oath itself. Those who thought that this was bluff, or that Ulster would be bluffed by the Cabinet and Mr. Redmond, did not measure the facts. Ulster's demand is for exclusion; whether that province has a Parliament of its own, whether it sends members to the Imperial Parliament, whether it consists of four counties or of seven, are matters for negotiation. What is not a matter for negotiation is the determination of Ulster not to be included in the Bill.

We need take but little account of Mr. Churchill's postscript address to the people of Dundee. Obviously, after actually inviting the Opposition to parley, the Government must explain to their followers that this invitation implies no sense of weakness in themselves.

No conference or conciliation, says Mr. Churchill, will be allowed "to deprive a great political party of its victory". Lord Hugh Cecil gave Mr. Churchill an opportunity of proclaiming at Dundee that though the Government have offered peace, they are notwithstanding full of fight. It is necessary to say these things.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is starting on his holiday, a holiday, we fear, of hate. He has so often struck savagely at the landowner—on the whole one of the best of our English types—that we should suspect any fair words that might come from him on the subject now. It is just as well that he should come out with his worst, instead of hoarding it up. He will no doubt sow discord freely and effectively in many fields. But we may take some comfort when we recall the result in the counties of his Budget and his attack on the Dukes. They largely returned Tories.

His tour, everyone knows, is one of destruction, not construction—and in one way he reminds one of Chateaubriand's description of the barbarians of society, men fitted to destroy like the Goths; only, unlike the Goths, unable to rebuild. We cannot suppose that even his idealist friends and admirers in England and Wales are under any delusion in the matter. They know, as everybody in politics and public life knows perfectly well, that he has set out not to build a land system, but—in his own word—to "burst" one. What a contrast at the moment to Mr. Churchill!

Lord Robert Cecil returns to Mr. Lloyd George's Marconi transactions this week. His dealings, Lord Robert rightly repeats, were "grossly improper". Mr. Lloyd George should realise from this how completely his counter-charges have failed. At least he hoped to silence all of the name of "Cecil". He may infer, from Lord Robert's speech, that he has not in the least disturbed his critics. He has not even angered them. Lord Robert repeats the original grave indictment, as scrupulously just and measured as it first appeared in his Minority Report.

The directors of the London Pavilion are wise in refusing to allow the suffragettes henceforth to use their theatre. These wild-cat meetings at the Pavilion are a serious nuisance. They are never public meetings in an ordinary sense. They merely compel the police to play cat and mouse with Mr. McKenna's ticket-of-leave women. It is not a pretty game. Anyone within a hundred yards of the Pavilion on a Monday afternoon may suddenly find himself helplessly crushed into a fight, literally tooth and nail, between the police, poor fellows, and women who are so far blind to what they are doing that they are unable to remember afterwards in the police court how or why they were arrested.

These scenes at the Pavilion will not help the friends of Miss Kerr in their petition to the Home Office. We have carefully read a great bundle of letters and documents that have passed between the suffragettes and their friends and Mr. McKenna, and we quite fail to see the point involved in this petition. Mr. McKenna's position is at least clear. Miss Kerr has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, as the paid office manager of the W.S.P.U., for "committing and inciting other women to commit crimes against property". Her friends petition for her release on the ground that she is not guilty, and not "personally concerned with the militant side of the movement". They plead that her management of the affairs of the most militant of militant bodies has not involved her in militancy. Her work has been "constitutional" and "legal".

Mr. McKenna answers that he will release her upon one condition. Will Miss Kerr "in furtherance of her political objects confine herself to constitutional methods?" In a word, Mr. McKenna offers to release her upon receiving her promise to keep the law. The prisoner refuses. She says that any formal undertaking

to keep the law would be inconsistent with her position as a loyal servant of the W.S.P.U. Nevertheless she continues to plead for release on the ground that her position as a loyal servant of the W.S.P.U. has not involved her in breaking the law. She will not give an undertaking to abstain from doing what she herself claims that she has never done, or intended to do. Mr. McKenna has screwed his courage to the sticking place of his Act. He will not release Miss Kerr without an undertaking; and he has this week decided to keep in prison two inveterate law-breakers who have already as mice under the Act done irreparable mischief.

To consider yet whether the new friendliness between France and Spain has any connexion with our retirement from the Mediterranean would perhaps be to consider too curiously. Undoubtedly it means a thoroughly good understanding as to Morocco. France and Spain should obviously work together here. We may be sure that King Alfonso and M. Poincaré have talked very freely of Morocco; perhaps they have also discussed the balance of navies in the Mediterranean—Austria and Italy building hard, England withdrawn. The French Premier at San Sebastian has let slip the word "unis" as describing the new friends, where his hearers expected a simple "rapprochés". However far the new entente has gone at present, it is clear that the approach of France and Spain will be closer and more important as time goes on.

It has not yet come to a breach between Turkey and Greece; but the position is serious. The Young Turkish war party are beyond bounds elated by their successful recovery of Adrianople. They are thinking more of foreign conquests and quarrels than of reform and good government at home. Will a Turkish statesman be found to point out that Turkey's prosperity in the future is more likely to hang upon solvency and a reformed administration than upon the recovery of Turkish sovereignty in the Ægean?

War between Turkey and Greece will open again the dreary chapter of Balkan massacre and outrage. The conditions of war in this struggle would be even worse than those of the late war between the Allies. We have received the letter of a deputy of the late Ottoman Parliament, urging that every diplomatic means should be exhausted to restrain the war party in Constantinople. He points out that the new Turkish forces are mainly irregular hordes of Kurds and Circassians. If these troops are let loose upon the Christian population, then—to put the position as delicately as possible—the rules of war will not be observed.

That Mr. Corfield's heroism was possibly worth more than the wisdom of those who to-day coldly censure his imprudence, we felt at a first reading of his official story. Had he succeeded at Burao, his exploit would have ranked in kind with Nelson's blind eye at the telescope, or Drake's singeing of King Philip, or any one of all the splendid deeds which defy the strict letter of official etiquette. It was also clear from the first look into this frontier tale that, however rash Corfield may have been at the last, this disaster was really at the Government's door. It was this Government's scuttle from Somaliland which put Corfield into a position where he must either rashly dare, or submit his flag to a loss of prestige.

If we may believe the correspondents—soldiers for the most part—who, bitterly stung by cold terms of censure put upon a dead hero, have during the last few days hurried forward in defence of his memory, Corfield was not only a gallant soldier, but more prudent by far than the authorities who betrayed him. It is argued that Corfield had no choice. He had to force a fight to keep his position at Burao, whence to withdraw was utter disaster for Great Britain in Somaliland—as the authorities themselves admit. In 1909 it was as safe in Burao for a white man or a

friendly Somali as in London or Paris. To-day Burao is under terror of the Mullah and the dervishes. This is not due to Corfield's heroic defeat. It is due to the deliberate policy of this present Government. The Government cannot put off its responsibility upon Corfield.

Sir George Askwith has, for the moment, failed in Dublin. Peace cannot be arranged between masters and men. There is too much bad blood between the parties. The masters would like to see Mr. Larkin deported. The men would like to see the masters à la lanterne. Each party expresses this feeling in a general principle. The men re-affirm the doctrine of tainted labour: the masters refuse to have any dealings with Mr. Larkin's organisation. At first sight it looks as if masters and men were equally to blame. Each would seem to be bound in the end to give way. The men will certainly be compelled by the mere necessities of industry and by public opinion to give way on tainted labour; whereas the masters cannot at this time seriously refuse to allow their men to belong to a bona-fide trade union.

But here is the real difficulty. Mr. Larkin's organisation—the Irish Transport Workers—is not now a bona-fide trade union. The men who control it stand for precisely those doctrines of the sympathetic strike and tainted labour which no sane employer can accept. The masters' refusal to allow their men to join the Irish Transport Workers means that the masters refuse to be bullied and broken by Mr. Larkin. The masters will, of course, have to withdraw their objections to the Irish Transport Workers as soon as the Irish Transport Workers cease to behave like a conspiracy. The masters cannot reasonably deny the right of workers to combine. They can only deny the right of workers to combine for purposes already censured by the Court of Inquiry.

Mr. Larkin's purpose is to damage the employer whenever an opportunity occurs. He virtually denies that there is a solidarity of interest between masters and men. Every blow at the masters, in Mr. Larkin's view, will improve the men's position. He sees society as two camps in a state of war; and he means to obtain for his own party the absolute control of industry. This is what Mr. Larkin means when he declares "Christ must not be crucified any longer in the Irish capital"; when he celebrates "anarchy" as the "highest form of love"; and asks that the "people of the country should govern the country in the interests of the country."

The English labour leaders are in a very difficult position. Mr. Gosling declared outright that he did not believe in the sympathetic strike as a principle of coercion. Mr. Larkin has gone far beyond the English labour leaders' idea of the fair rules of industrial war. On the other hand, with some of the men's practical grievances in Dublin as to hours and wages the English leaders undoubtedly sympathise. Will they support the Irish Transport Workers? Much will turn upon this. Probably, if the fight goes on, they will feel compelled by the mere pressure of class sympathy to stand by the men. Undoubtedly in Dublin labour conditions have been bad. Undoubtedly Mr. Larkin has improved them. These facts will weigh heavily with labour men in England. But, though they actually decide to stand by the Irish Transport Workers, they will do this with a bitter conviction that the Irishmen have gone too far, and that public opinion is against them.

Meantime, Sir George Askwith's impartial Court of Inquiry has come to a clear decision as to the sympathetic strike and tainted labour. We are sure this decision accurately reflects the opinion of the thinking public, employers and employed, on this question. It is worthy to be quoted in full. Virtually it is a vote

of censure upon Mr. Larkin. "No community could exist", runs Sir George Askwith's Report, "if the resort to the sympathetic strike became the general policy of trade unionism; as, owing to the interdependence of different branches of industry, disputes affecting even a single individual would spread indefinitely. If this should be the policy of trade unionism it is easy to understand that it does not commend itself to the employers; but, in our experience of the better organised employers and workmen, the sympathetic strike or the sympathetic lock-out is not a method which is recognised as a reasonable way of dealing with disputes."

Lord Milner at Birmingham on Wednesday talked political economy without talking politics. Politics were barred him as serene president of a learned society. Money was his theme. He talked of Consols without once mentioning Mr. Lloyd George. The dearth of money is not confined to this country. Beyond our insular fluctuations is a flow of capital whose laws are equal for all the world. Investment rates all over the world are now upon the ebb. Goschen looked forward to a time when capital would be so plentiful and cheap that investors would have to be contented with 2 per cent. But the tide has turned. It will be a long time before capital glutts the modern market. What, Lord Milner asks, are the reasons of dear money to-day?

New methods, new materials, new instruments of production—all are crying for capital; and there is not enough to go round. Take, for example, the operation known as "scrapping". Scrapping all that is out of date is profitable in the long run; but it is very expensive at the time. It draws heavily upon the capital of the world. Then there are new countries rapidly turning into old countries, and old countries rapidly waking into a greater industrial activity. Money is wanted everywhere.

Lord Milner avoided politics; but his last words were important for labour to-day. There is no antagonism between labour and capital; though there may be antagonism between the labourer and the capitalist as to how they shall share the fruits of their combination. Money is dear, and the capitalist can command a high rate of interest, because money is wanted everywhere for industrial enterprises. Money is dear when industry is most active, and labour most in demand. Capital and labour rise and fall together—a good price for capital usually implying, especially under trade unions, a good price for labour. Profits are not necessarily high at the expense of wages.

The Kieff murder trial would have had nothing to differentiate it from other sordid tragedies of the kind had it not been for the action of the Russian Government. By formally including in the indictment the charge of ritual murder the Government has given something like formal sanction to a long-standing popular superstition. From time to time during the last eight centuries the Jews have been accused of using the blood of Christians for purposes of ritual. The charge seems to have arisen out of the case of William of Norwich, and was supported by universal belief in the efficacy of blood.

Hatred and envy spread the charge, and popular imagination was excited by Jewish solemnities unintelligible to Christians. The red wine used in commemorating the slaying of the children by Pharaoh was by popular fancy turned into blood. This blood accusation is indeed a regular recurring phenomenon in religious history. It has been made by the pagans against the early Christians, by the Catholics against the Gnostic sects, and by modern Chinese against Europeans.

It would hardly be strange that this practice should still linger in Russia. So recently as 1892 an actual case was reported from a Russian village, where a

stranger was sacrificed to turn away famine and disease. The villagers who took part were devout members of the Orthodox Church, and the sacrifice was assisted by the village magistrate, the policeman, and the chief elder of the church. Professor Strack, of Berlin, has written a learned book wherein this whole question of ritual murder is exhaustively considered.

Mr. Birrell suggests that speakers will soon go about the country "not unveiling new, but veiling old, statues, and delivering speeches, not in appreciation, but in depreciation, of their subjects". Should this really come about, Kelvin's statue, unveiled this week at Glasgow by Mr. Birrell and Mr. Balfour, will escape. Kelvin is the greatest mathematical genius of modern times. Moreover, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, Kelvin was a practical inventor, as well as the greatest of scientific speculators. He brought pure science to the service of our common needs. He pursued knowledge for itself, in the true mystical way; but he could also use the fruits of his knowledge.

The futility of measuring genius in an academy could not better be shown than in the story of Kelvin's unsuccessful effort to be Senior Wrangler. The *pièce de résistance* of his examination was, by a mistake of the examiners, a problem Kelvin had himself invented. The successful candidate had previously read Kelvin's solution, remembered it by heart, and dashed it down rapidly upon the paper. But Kelvin himself had utterly forgotten his own work, and had painfully to reconstruct his original solution from first principles. Kelvin, of course, was beaten.

Professor Hans Delbrück believes that God is on the side of the big battalions. He has no faith in the old stories of little armies opposing successfully huge hosts, and he attributes them to the natural tendency of the victor to exaggerate his prowess. He scorns the idea of Xerxes having an army of 5,000,000 men, and suggests that it was not the quantity but the quality of their enemies that endangered the freedom of the Greeks. If Greece had not been able to produce enough citizen soldiers she would never have been in a position to repel attack. Professor Delbrück's historical flights are a lesson. Numbers count.

Library censorship is still discussed. Mr. John Galsworthy's appeal for a sort of parliament of authors on the face of it looks attractive. But the scheme will not bear examination, and Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a pungent letter to the "Times", has exposed its weakness. What except an unsound sentiment of trade unionism can persuade us to regard the great mass of persons who publish novels as capable of forming a joint opinion? The mere fact of writing a book and persuading a publisher to print it does not give every writer the authority to defy public opinion. Mr. Gosse thinks that we have advanced enormously in the last two generations, and that the susceptibilities of intelligent persons, outside the professionally interested circle, are no longer excessive. A general alertness, such as is now vigilantly shown, will do more in the interests of liberty than any violent action. We agree with Mr. Gosse that a delicate ethical consideration of this kind should not be submitted to a "wild congress of Grub Street".

The most sensational thing that has happened among musicians for a long, long while is the collapse of the Denhof opera tour. The company was most carefully rehearsed and was to do most wonderful things; but in a few days Mr. Denhof found himself £5000 out of pocket and no prospect whatever of reimbursing himself. Mr. Thomas Beecham stepped in, and members of the company who were thinking of walking back to London found themselves in the position, at worst, of returning by train. However, it is unlikely they will have to do even this, for Mr. Beecham, not having spent enough thousands already, is bent on getting rid of a few more, and our provincial neighbours will benefit.

MR. CHURCHILL.

MR. CHURCHILL, whatever else may come out of his speeches, has done one excellent thing. He has taken us all out of the miserable stuffy atmosphere of petty attorneyism in which we have moved whilst the McKennas, the Robertsons, and the Ures of party politics have been plotting and snarling. It is like throwing up a window and getting a whiff of good air into a room poisoned by sickness. There is a great deal in his speech which we absolutely disagree with: we deal with that elsewhere. No doubt, too, there will be a great deal of heart-burning on his own side. We dare say—we are sure, indeed, that many people are saying that it is so like his cleverness, his untrustworthiness, and that as to his talk about conciliation and settlement, *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego*. They will say he has seen his chance of cutting in just when his most dangerous rival for the leadership presently is in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes over the Marconi disclosures. What exactly were the mixed motives, all the motives at the back of Mr. Churchill's mind when he resolved on this speech, we cannot tell. Nobody can really know.

In every statesman's mind, we suppose, is some sort of Bluebeard chamber, in which he does to death not his mistresses, but those men who will kill him if he does not kill them. Not that only statesmen have Bluebeard chambers of the kind—the thing is perhaps common, in a life of fierce competition, to many ambitious men.

But it does not concern us particularly to try to get a glimpse of any hidden motives Mr. Churchill may or may not have had in making his speech. For one thing, it is a domestic affair of the other side as to whether they will by and by have Mr. Churchill or Mr. George. Let their Tadpoles and Tapers go into that matter, it does not immediately concern us.

We are perfectly certain that the great majority of people all over the country, detached people as well as Conservatives and Liberals and Radicals, will not trouble about under-motives and so forth—they will feel that the speech was the speech of a man; a strong man who felt strongly what he spoke; and, at least when he dealt with Ireland and the Ulster problem, thrust mere partisanship and the party game aside for the time. The attempt of the "Daily News"—once the organ that more or less voiced Mr. Gladstone, but now the organ that voices Mr. Ure—to cover up the good of the speech, and to turn it into a pure party screed, is too contemptible altogether; it will hardly deceive the veriest starveling in ideas.

Mr. Churchill has taken a step forward, and has made himself the most observed, and perhaps the most powerful, figure in the Liberal front rank. What is the secret of the successes and failures of leading politicians to get absolutely into the front rank and stay there? It is clearly not a question of pure intellect or of astuteness. Plenty of men might be named who have easily equalled or surpassed Mr. Churchill, for example, some in the one gift some in the other, and yet not got into the charmed circle. If one takes this speech of Mr. Churchill and examines it closely, it is found to be no masterpiece intellectually—far from it. But many an earnest and very industrious politician can make as clever a speech, and yet it does not take the public fancy or stir our enthusiasm. Not high station, not industry without end, and not even powerful intellect, it seems, can always put a man in the front rank absolutely—though of course we all know these things may make him a leader of the House of Commons, even a Prime Minister. The point is they cannot make the public accept him as "a flier". Most of us can think of two or three very able and important statesmen in English political history within the last twenty-five years or less who have just missed. They have been very powerfully equipped. They have been voted able and sound statesmen, with plenty of resolution and judgment. But they have exercised no spell on the public at large any more than on the cultivated and fastidious few. The thing which they have lacked

has been imagination. The term may be offensive to many steady, sane minds. They may ask to be excused from having much to do with imagination. They may prefer to be led and inspired only by sound men of judgment. But the truth remains that all the great figures in our political history have been men of imagination: they have had visions—as well as “the faculty divine”. Double, quadruple the industry or judgment of the good departmental type of statesman, he cannot enter into the absolute first class.

He wants imagination—which Charles Darwin glorifies somewhere, we think, as about the highest prerogative of men: and no amount of painstaking and patience and will power can supply it. Imagination is the radium in a statesman; and among the properties of radium is a great curative one. Mr. Churchill has it—possibly in dangerous quantities—and it is one of the chief sources of his power.

THE OLIVE-BRANCH.

ULSTER goes on drilling, with a discipline and regularity that has at last compelled the Radical Press of this country to admit that this is no policy of bluff but civil war: and between Monday and Wednesday the Government also recognised the fact. On Monday Mr. McKenna would hear of no conciliation; on Wednesday Mr. Churchill was pleading for a settlement by consent. The situation has advanced.

Mr. Churchill is bound to say that the Government is not to be scared by threats of violence; the fact remains that it is ready to change its course to avoid chaos and bloodshed in Ireland. We believed a week ago that it could do no less; we hope it may do something more. If it awakes to the full gravity of the situation it may lose a little party capital, but it will regain some of its lost credit among the moderate men of the country.

Part of the Government's message through Mr. Churchill is in form a threat to Ulster; it is in essence an appeal to Mr. Redmond. If he will allow a settlement by consent, then the settlement may prove as permanent as any human institution; if not, he may have his victory—and the fruits of his victory. Even though he thinks lightly of civil war as an inauguration of the new Ireland, he will remember that before the Bill is in full working a General Election will come—and he may lose the whole because he would not have the part. It is the first time the admission has been made officially by a member of the Cabinet that there may be an appeal to the country after the final passing of the Bill through the House of Commons, but before the Act is enforced in Ireland—the very course which Mr. Balfour declined to believe that even this Government could take.

In the meantime it may be well to examine the prospects of a settlement by consent. The average Liberal, we believe, would take it if he could get it; the ordinary Tory would give up much to avoid civil war. Sir Edward Carson has spoken for Ulster: the exclusion of the province is his one condition. There remains Mr. Redmond. If he will agree there is a chance of peace; but will he? He has spoken, as usual, with two voices. On the one hand he has said that there is hardly any concession he would not make to avoid the infliction of a bitter defeat on political opponents; on the other he has declared emphatically that he will not consent to the exclusion of Ulster from the Bill. The contradiction is manifest; but the momentous decision rests with him.

A formal conference, such as Lord Loreburn advocated, would still be the best way out of the present crisis; but if the Government will not have it, an informal conference must suffice—even one of those chance meetings carefully arranged on neutral ground which have before now furnished the solution of similar difficulties. And Mr. Churchill, who remarked that the Parliament Act provides all the machinery for a settlement by consent, knows that machinery must be put in motion by human hands; it must be oiled before it will work properly. Particularly is this the case with negotiations conducted, as it were, under the shadow of the

Parliament Act, which is still too recent and novel a piece of constitutional machinery to have furnished satisfactory precedents for such bargainings between the parties. Liberals themselves, who were inclined a year ago to regard the Parliament Act as a new Bill of Rights, are not quite so sure of its perfection in practice as to dispense with the less mechanical negotiations which previous generations have found useful.

Under the Parliament Act, changes in the Bill can only be originated in the House of Lords, and by consent; but before such changes are made there must clearly be a discussion behind the scenes. A formal or informal conference, negotiations secret or open, therefore, there must be, between the two sides, if any kind of settlement is to be achieved at all. Amendments proposed by the Government in the House of Lords are apt to have a short and tragic life unless the Opposition are consulted beforehand.

For one reason alone a conference or negotiation is imperative. A settlement by consent means a change in the existing Bill; but what change? It might begin by meaning (a) verbal guarantees to Ulster which, on Ulster's certain refusal, would quickly develop into (b) the absolute exclusion of Ulster from the Bill; and if that were accomplished, the negotiations might ripen into (c) a change in certain other provisions of the Bill as it stands. And it must be remembered that this third demand might not necessarily come from the Unionists, but from the Liberals themselves. There are loyal supporters of the Government in plenty who do not disguise their dislike of the Customs provisions and other clauses, and who indeed admit that the Bill is a bad Bill as a piece of constitutional machinery, apart from the main principle which they approve. We take it as axiomatic that once these negotiations are entered upon, considerations of that kind and coming from that quarter will be urged, and they can hardly be excluded. In any event, the exclusion of Ulster would mean a change in the financial provisions of the Bill, and it is precisely the finance of the Bill that so urgently needs amending.

We assume that a settlement by consent would not exclude these matters. The negotiations would take time—but not so much time as the quelling of civil strife. On the other hand, a conference would reasonably exclude such questions as the federal issue, the reform of the House of Lords, and the fulfilment of the Parliament Act. Federalism is important, but neither side is ready to commit itself on that as yet; in the Unionist party alone are three different schools of federalism and no one orthodox doctrine; in the Radical councils is no determined voice at all on that issue. The reform of the House of Lords has no more to do with Home Rule than bimetallism or Tariff Reform; and the Parliament Act must stand on its demerits, awaiting the sentence of death which Radicals uneasily expect for their favourite weapon from the next Unionist Government. It will only confuse the issue still further if these extraneous issues are introduced into what must at best be a difficult and delicate proceeding. A conference on Home Rule for Ireland must concern itself with Home Rule for Ireland, and not with the whole policy of the Government. So much the Government may reasonably demand as a preliminary basis of discussion.

For the rest, success depends less on procedure than on the goodwill which Mr. Churchill invoked. Brave words indeed, reinforced by a reference to the Union of South Africa: but the parallel will hardly serve. For the settlement in that case came after war, and it is our business to see that in Ireland it comes without war; it was complicated in South Africa by no religious differences, such as those which embitter public life in Ireland; and above all, the settlement of South Africa was a comprehensive Union, and any settlement in Ireland can at the best be now a partial disunion. At the worst it may be a frightful disruption.

THE THREAT TO THE LAND.

MR. GEORGE brings zeal to-day to his task of mischief. He loves to be talked about, and he has made himself the mouthpiece of all humanitarian sentiment floating about. Find something wrong—and in what state is it not easy to find something wrong?—and Mr. George will proclaim the fact, will immediately assign responsibility for the fact, and will propose to remedy the fact by punishing those represented as responsible. A year ago Mr. George knew nothing about the land. Such time as he could spare from politics was given first to his profession and later to the Stock Exchange. Quite recently he has looked into the question and as his campaign develops will doubtless be found full of his new learning. But in what mood has he worked? Has he striven to grasp the position as a whole, with its good points and its bad points all included and all viewed in a proper perspective? That is not Mr. George's way. His is not the scientific spirit. He is seeking for one thing only—grievances—and, like all bad observers, may be trusted to find what he is looking for. His limited outlook vitiates his movement from the start, but not all his faults of investigation can equal his faults of diagnosis. For Mr. George starts to interpret his facts not with an open mind but with an ineradicable prejudice. He belongs to that curious little section of lower-middle-class opinion which holds that everything about the landlord, his ideas, his methods, his way of life, is absolutely bad. To hear these people talk you would think that an English country gentleman was a sort of Antichrist. Is it plausible, is it reasonable, to suggest that the way of agricultural betterment can be shown by a bitter hater handling such facts in such a spirit?

It is true that in a speech made at a time when, for other reasons, Mr. George had grounds for mitigating the keenness of his opponents, he pronounced himself in favour of a national settlement. But Mr. George and a national settlement! The two are a contradiction in terms. All through his period of notoriety he has been the very embodiment of party venom. Mr. Lloyd George is the last politician to be suitably employed on a mission of peace. Not even if he had the will could he exercise the patience and sympathy required in the composer of deep differences of opinion. But has he the will? He spoke soft words at the introduction of the Insurance Act. All his data were at the disposal of honourable gentlemen opposite; would they not assist him to frame an ideal measure? And yet all-important Unionist amendments were disdained, and the party, having thus been forced into opposition, was accused of fundamental and deliberate insincerity. That is Mr. George's way. A national settlement as he understands it means that we shall accept his proposals.

Supposing that Mr. George has learnt something; supposing his studies have convinced him of the value of landlordism in rural economy—is it likely that his knowledge can bear fruit? How will he carry his own people with him—the Ures and the Outhwaites and their kidney—if he maintains that the landlord performs a valuable function? Above all how will he convince the landlords themselves of his trustworthiness? They know him as the man who has used his prejudice against them as a weapon to smash the Constitution and to force on the country taxes best paralleled by the "benevolences" of Empson and Dudley; as the man whose favourite gibe at an opponent is to attribute his consequence in the State to the inheritance of land and the assumption of the responsibilities attaching thereto; as the man who has represented the Unionist leader as championing a scheme intended only to divert public money into landlords' pockets. It is not at the hands of such a man that the owners of property can expect justice.

Mr. George's avowed aim is to do something for the people on the soil. But Mr. George is a great party man, and we should not treat him fairly if we did not credit him with a longing to keep the other side out.

The policy which he will advocate is the policy which he thinks will win votes. Now the agricultural vote falls into three sections. There is the landlords' vote, which is negligible in point of numbers; there is the tenants' vote; and there is the labourers' vote. Of these three the labourers' vote is far and away the largest, and at elections it is numbers that count. Mr. George, in virtue of his temperament, will formulate a policy intended to catch the labourers' vote. So far as it fulfils its intention its author will regard it as sound, for Mr. George's only criterion of policy is success at the polls. The industry of agriculture, however, presents a complicated interdependence of landlords', farmers', and labourers' interests. A sound policy of rural betterment would take note of them all and aim at preserving a proper harmony between them. Mr. George's policy will take note of the last, and perhaps of the second, but only in so far as that can be done without losing the votes of the last. It is not by such considerations as these that agricultural prosperity can be secured.

If anybody doubts that Mr. George's motive is mainly partisan he has only to consider the history of the land campaign. It was planned to start in March and would have been developed throughout the summer. In the autumn opinion would have been ripe for a vigorous advance. And why this haste? Why launch a campaign when the Cabinet was undecided and the conclusions of the land "inquiry" still unrevealed? Clearly to take attention from other things. Thanks to the Marconi scandals attention was concentrated on Ulster throughout September. The result was a feeling that Home Rule could never be put into practice, talk of conference, suggestions that progress could be made easier if the Welsh Bill were dropped—all things thoroughly distasteful to Mr. George. The only reason that the land campaign is launched now instead of at a time when the public mind might be free to attend to it is that its opening will divert interest from Ulster. And, if that is Mr. George's aim, he will not hesitate about his methods. His experience has told him that a good way to gain votes is to inflame the many against the few. His most famous speeches are appeals to class hatred. In the land he will find a thoroughly congenial theme. Where there is mutual necessity there is mutual jealousy, and it will not be hard for a skilful agitator to exasperate tenants against landlords and labourers against both. Then will come rumours of trouble on the country-side, Ireland will be pushed into the background and Mr. George will have won his trick. But it would be folly for Unionists who know the countryside and draw much of their strength from it to adopt an encouraging or even a waiting attitude and so make easy the first stage of a campaign of hate.

THE DUBLIN DEADLOCK.

THE policy of the "sympathetic" and the "tainted goods" strike is condemned out and out by Sir George Askwith in the Dublin Report. It censures Larkinism as practised in Dublin very much as several officials of the Railway Union censured the policy elsewhere a week or two ago. Nobody fails to brand it who is capable of taking a broad view of labour questions and the interests of labour. The conditions of labour among the people who are on strike in Dublin are undoubtedly very unsatisfactory. Without asserting this with any great emphasis, the Report may be said to assume it as proved. We need not take either Larkin's sensational rhetoric before the Inquiry Court or Mr. Healy's ex parte statement for the employers as fairly describing the situation. The important fact is the conclusion reached by the Court that the sympathetic strike, indiscriminate and reckless as in Dublin, can do no good to anybody. How much protest by striking may have been reasonable under Dublin conditions is not now the practical question. Employers often make the mistake of shutting their eyes to evils that ought to be taken in hand by themselves. Within

reasonable limits, workmen might claim the right of opening their eyes by the strike. It would often pay employers better if they were more inclined to act of their own accord. But even if strikes in Dublin ought not to have surprised the employers, they have been well advised in fighting Larkinism. Their justification is the Report. The Court does not actually blame the previous strikes due to Larkin's influence, but it condemns his system. The time has come when a continuance of the same methods will be fraught with disastrous results to all concerned.

One of the most disastrous results is that there is no relying on bargains made between trade unions and employers. The attempt of the Board of Trade to settle the troubles in Dublin has broken down over nothing else than this. Trade unions years ago fought for their life on this point of the recognition of their bargains. They succeeded to a great extent; and then the new unionism threw away everything by treating the bargains that were made with contempt. Sympathetic striking, and the doctrine of "tainted goods", worthy of a Jesuit casuist, have been the extreme results of their recklessness in throwing over their contracts. It has been rampant in Dublin, and the Dublin employers have done a real social service by determining to throw off the thralldom. The tyranny was felt as much by the community, including all classes of the poorest work-people, as by the employers. The poorest suffered most by being dragged into outside quarrels. The report describes what happened. Collective agreements signed on behalf of employers and men's organisations were entirely disregarded. Employers tried to protect their businesses with clauses that work should not stop without discussion and due notice from the men. Larkin called the men out at once whenever he had disputes, either with the employers making agreements or those who had not. Then the employers answered with lock-outs, and the confusion grew until it was impossible to say what the fighting was all about.

Now, unless the employers can be protected against this in future, what is the use of their agreeing to the Conciliation Board which the Court has proposed? The Court cannot give the least additional legal effect to this agreement. A Conciliation Court can be defied, as a private agreement with employers can be. The employers would have no legal remedy for damages against anybody if the Conciliation Court's decision were treated as waste-paper. The Trade Disputes Act is still in existence, and it has put an end to all actions against trade unions which procure contracts to be broken by workmen. It is the natural effect of throwing away every legal right of action against trade unions that there should be reckless strikes. Not the only cause, but a very considerable cause. When Sir Lawson Walton moved the first reading of the Trades Disputes Bill he asked, "Are we sure that it is wise to remove from these unions, and particularly from the agents employed, a sense of responsibility? They are often swayed by passion, by excitement, and by natural feeling. Is it right that their agents should move about with the consciousness that whatever they do the property of the union will not have to bear any loss? Is that feeling likely to produce caution, prudence, self-restraint, and regard for the rights and feelings of others? Is it not likely to have rather the opposite effect, and to check that sense of discipline which it is so desirable the head offices of a great organisation should use over the squadrons under them?"

The answers to all these questions are given in the history of the years since the Trade Disputes Act was passed. Sir Lawson Walton's safeguards were set aside by the Government; and the unions were granted absolute irresponsibility on the demand of the trade union leaders and the Labour party. The results have been the want of caution, prudence, self-restraint, and regard for the rights and feelings of others, which Sir Lawson Walton foresaw. The men at the head offices are finding that they have lost control over their organisations, and their power is being taken out of their hands.

The Dublin employers are right, then, in saying there

is no security for bargains made being kept by the unions. But this does not entitle them to drive the men out of the unions and compel them to return to work unconditionally, utterly broken down by starvation. Even if they could do this the victory would be dearly bought, and would bring no lasting peace. The initiative towards a settlement, and the acceptance of the Conciliation Board, should come from them. There would have to be a surrender by the men of the right of proclaiming sympathetic strikes. This done, another chance ought to be given by the Dublin employers. If Larkinism afterwards prevailed in Dublin it would be demonstrated that trade unions must be brought again within the control of the law. Conciliation Boards might be given powers of compulsory arbitration courts, with the right of enforcing their decisions. Better still, with the approval of the public, the right of action against trade unions could be reintroduced as it was before the Trade Disputes Act was passed.

Such action on the part of Dublin employers would set a good example to employers in labour disputes. Employers might often gain by a more sympathetic action in anticipating the grievances of their employees. Their conventional attitude is not to move until they are forced. We doubt the wisdom of it, though it is supposed to be business astuteness to keep quiet. Policy rather suggests that they would gain by showing a disposition to remove causes of trouble beforehand. They would forestall and take the wind out of the sails of agitators.

JAPAN AND ITS MOB.

FOR months past the mob in Tokyo has intervened with tumult at every moment of internal or international crisis: and it is necessary that English people should understand what the mob means in Japan, and to what it is likely to lead. The Japanese hooligan has made and unmade Ministries, he has clamoured for war against the United States, and he has done his best to force the Government into helpless adventure on the Asiatic mainland.

The attempt, for instance, on Prince Yamagata last year, and the expulsion of Prince Katsura from office, are regarded, equally with the more recent acts of terrorism, as due to the unscrupulous manipulation of popular passion in the interests of political cliques. And undeniably there is not a little justification for this point of view.

The capacity of the Japanese for lofty and self-sacrificing patriotism is fully appreciated in this country. What we understand less is the strength of faction feeling always latent in a people so recently governed on the clan system. The shadow of a great anxiety for more than thirty years weakened, if it did not wholly exorcise, the traditional tendency to internal dissension. But with the sense of comparative security which has prevailed since the war with Russia the old jealousies between the clans have revived to a marked degree. Japanese parties are not separated by any very strong divergencies of abstract opinion; there are Liberals, Progressists, Nationalists, and cliques with other labels, but in reality the main distinctions are personal and territorial. The great statesmen who were thrown up by the convulsion of 1868 had trouble enough in keeping within bounds the clan instinct and making it subservient to an intense conception of nationality. That they succeeded so well is proof enough of their political sagacity. It may be questioned whether the new generation of Japanese statesmen are equally fitted for the task. The "High Collar" men, as they used to be called, are in some ways more cultivated, better informed, more conversant with the ways of the West than the sturdy old samurai who guided Japan from feudal seclusion to pushful modernity. But they seem lacking in the qualities which made a whole nation, though with grumbling reservations, they recognise a master in an obscurely born man-at-arms like the late Prince Ito. It is curious, and not a little significant, that while Japan is developing a habit of self-assertion in international affairs, she seems on the whole to have

lost some of the intensity of purpose that distinguished her during the wonderful Meiji period.

The revival of clique feeling is one cause of disturbance. Another may be found in the comparative failure of constitutionalism. Corruption has bitten deeply into Japan's electoral and parliamentary system, with the natural consequence of a decline of interest in political questions on the part of the respectable classes. In the space of ten years abstentions from the polls rose from 11 to 28 per cent., while bribery has been so systematised that the cost of a seat can be calculated within a few shillings. Votes are as readily quotable as cabbages at Covent Garden. In the House of Representatives, also, majorities have in the recent past been habitually obtained by the simple process of purchase. Japan is, indeed, quite in the Walpolian stage of parliamentary evolution. The voice of the popular Chamber is not predominant. It cannot determine the policy of a Minister. But it can make his life a burden, impede his measures, embarrass his Budgets, and expose him to popular censure. Hence an irresistible tendency to silence unprincipled opposition by unprincipled manipulation. The golden pill was for a long time a Minister's habitual remedy for all such disturbances of the body politic, and the revelation in the law courts a year or two back of wholesale corruption gave a shock to public confidence which has still its effect on politics.

Thus we have on the one side parties drunk with the spirit of faction, and guided by no clear-cut principles; on the other, a representative Chamber commanding little respect and amenable to the seductions of any Minister who commands extensive patronage. Distrustful of a constitutional opposition always liable to corrupt influence, the more enterprising demagogues have of late resorted to direct appeals to mob violence, and the success of these manoeuvres seems to point to an indefinite extension of a system pregnant with danger not only to Japan but to the peace of the world.

It is easy enough to manufacture clamour in Japan. There is no greater mistake than to picture the Japanese of the great cities as a strong, self-contained, silent man, whose only weaknesses are bushido and hara-kiri. The town Japanese unites with a poor physique a more than Latin excitability. He is flighty, enormously conceited, and quite irresponsible. He has, too, the failing, common to all Japanese, of being unable to contain more than one idea at a time. (This trait is visible in the very language: a Japanese cannot, for example, think of water as essentially the same, irrespective of its temperature. Cold water is to him one separate and distinct entity, hot water another. There are entirely different words for a teapot with a handle on the top and one with a handle at the side.) Thus, when an access of patriotism seizes the crowd all sense of proportion is at once lost. For any Japanese in authority to admit justice in a foreign claim is an inexpiable offence; he is fortunate indeed if some wild-eyed patriot does not consider his assassination a matter of sacred obligation. To this inability to see all round a question is due much that astonishes Europeans in the national character. There is as little sense of perspective in Japanese life as in Japanese art. To us the self-forgetfulness in life and death of a hero like Nogi seems superhuman. We might just as well call it subhuman. Properly it is simply inhuman. That is to say, the man is so possessed with one idea that the instincts of nature have ceased for the moment to be potent. He is not really superior to human weakness; there is temporarily no humanity to triumph over. In great men, nobly inspired, this temporary loss of balance reaches the heroic. In irrational and petty people it is ordinarily a simple nuisance. The frenzy of patriotism, like the frenzy of religious enthusiasm, is respectable only when under proper control. It is capable of every kind of mischief when it luxuriates unchecked or becomes the tool of selfish policy.

There are two dangerous classes in Japan—the intellectual and the industrial proletariat. In both cases semi-education is the root of the trouble. The "failed entrance examination" scholar is as frequently met in

Tokyo as in Calcutta, and his mind, a wild welter of undigested mathematics, Herbert Spencerism, and scraps of foreign learning, is eagerly receptive of all the Chauvinistic vapourings of Japan's well-developed gutter Press. The hired blackguards who play so prominent a part in Japanese politics are chiefly recruited from the student class, and every attack on a Government which is suspected of being subservient to the foreigner finds these weak-minded enthusiasts ready for violence and assassination if need be. The coolie of the towns is equally responsive to unscrupulous agitation. He is a confirmed newspaper reader, and a great many "largest circulations" support themselves by a direct appeal to his prejudices. These low-class papers have found by experience that patriotism affords "copy" as attractive in its way as indecency, and they never lose an opportunity of traducing unpopular Ministers in their personal and their political characters alike. It may be added that the coolie combines abysmal ignorance with the power of reading simple print. The ideograph, which only yields its more valuable secrets to years of painful study, debars him from such a knowledge of affairs as an intelligent European working man may gain with ease. But by the help of the "syllabaries" or alphabets used by the less literary papers to give an idea of the pronunciation of the more recondite characters, the illiterate reader gains some sort of impression of the questions of the day. He knows that something which he laboriously spells out as "Santo Peiturusuburugu" stands for the capital of once hated Russia. But of Russia itself, of Europe, of the great complex world, and Japan's relation to it, he has as little idea as a cat might have of the nebulousities of the Milky Way.

But no sense of his limitations diminishes the coolie's readiness to rush into any delicate international question with threats to lynch Ministers and demands for the instant mobilisation of the fleet. He has learned to enjoy his power. He is not only intoxicated with national egotism; he has also developed a strong class consciousness. He takes quite kindly to strikes and other Western refinements, and enjoys the spectacle of his betters trembling before him. Religion has lost all hold on him; moral teaching has failed, as it always fails, to serve as a succedaneum for vital faith; and the traditional veneration for the Imperial name is merely lip-service. It does not oppose, and it never has opposed, any obstacle to turbulence against the real governing powers. At the best the problem of the Japanese democracy is one that will ultimately test to the full the nation's capacity for statesmanship. But if parties fall into a habit of relying on mob violence as an ally in any great emergency the trouble will come swiftly, with results not easily calculable.

HOBBLING THE CORRESPONDENT.

A COMPETENT observer made the remark towards the close of this autumn's Army manoeuvres that the military correspondents seemed at last to be learning their business, since their descriptions of what had occurred showed a certain unanimity which once conspicuously was absent. The military correspondents may indeed be learning their business, but their unanimity must be referred to another reason, a reason which it is just as well the very considerable public which reads their accounts should understand.

Fifteen years ago, to take the year from which the later development of our Army manoeuvres may be dated, correspondents were few, and most of them had been brought up to the business. They had to be, for they obtained no help from the authorities; but almost all of them had recent experience of war, and had shared the adventures of the men of whom they wrote. Those were the good days before the pestilent intervention of the motor, when generals had, on horseback, to share the fatigues of their men, and the narrative officer and the neutral had not yet become a dusty nuisance to all humbler users of the road.

The correspondent had in consequence to mount a horse too, and he was thus enabled to keep in close touch with the troops, to judge accurately of the work demanded of them, and to observe the manner in which it was done.

Also, since he had probably to do more riding than any of them, and write against time for many hours when the day was over, he had to keep extremely fit, and had therefore something valuable in common with the men he criticised. As a result, his accounts differed considerably: one man had been with the cavalry all day, another with infantry, and each had seen the battle from the standpoint of the arm he accompanied. He was thus able, while giving a general view of events, to specialise in the work of one particular unit, explaining lucidly the way it did, or failed to do, what was demanded of it, and the impediments or assistances it found in its way.

If the man could write and understood his job, his account was of service to all who cared to read it, because it was personal, consecutive, and analytic. He could not tell you the exact position at certain hours of various columns on different roads, nor the exact numbers and positions of artillery brigades or batteries, things which are of importance indeed, but only to a small number of staff officers, but he could narrate, if he had the ability, what might be of importance to everyone concerned in the training and handling of an army, and what he wrote had for all readers the interest of a restricted and individual point of view. It was the fruit of experience.

But when generals began to get into motor cars, and drive round, and through, and over their commands, it was natural that the correspondent followed their example, and, fascinated by the ground he could cover, and the amount of movement he could see, tried to convert himself into a sort of narrative officer for the public; describing not how and why a few things happened of which he was competent to speak, but where and when everything took place during the day.

As a consequence, he had to sacrifice his capacity for judgment, since he could never stay anywhere long enough to judge of anything, his ambition being to outdo everyone else in his collection of news, and so he tore about the roads, noting the arrival of units, and piecing his notes together at the end of the day into a patchwork of operations, which was often quite cleverly done, though devoid of interest from lack of the old personal point of view; but in other cases, where the observer was less competent, leading to a veritable crazy quilt of assertion under which the poor staff officer naturally shivered.

It was at this point, a few years ago, that the War Office intervened. Manœuvres had become journalistically popular, they wound up the silly season, and were thought to be worth the leading headlines in the posters. This accession of popularity brought upon the scene a crowd of correspondents who knew nothing of soldiering, but were despatched to write up the soldiers' doings in their most graphic or humorous manner. It may have been this flood of ignorance which induced the Army Council to open a bureau of information, by which it could be in a measure dammed. An address, very helpful on the whole, was given to the assembled correspondents on the eve of operations, and a Press officer was provided to keep them in touch with what was going on from day to day. That sounds both kind and useful, as indeed it was, and the authorities placed the correspondents under a still deeper obligation by appointing, as Press officers during the past five years, the most sympathetic and courteous of instructors, to whom it was actually a pleasure to refer one's ignorance.

For a year or two this bureau was treated, as perhaps it was intended, as an asylum for the distracted, or as a corrective for any man who, as occasionally happens, had lost touch with events, and as such its influence was beneficial wholly. But it has grown recently into much more than that, and the effects of its kindly dictation are often ludicrous.

The Press Conference, as it is called, is held every day during the Army manœuvres at 3.30 or 4 P.M. at some convenient centre, which may easily be twenty miles or more from the spot where things are happening. To reach it correspondents with cars may have to allow at least an hour, and correspondents with bicycles considerably more, and consequently if they attend the Conference their personal acquaintance with what is going on may cease at about 2 P.M. Their instructor must leave the scene at about the same hour, and consequently can tell them little more than they have seen themselves.

Thus their personal acquaintance with what is happening has to end at an hour when, as a rule, the most vivid interest of the day begins, from 2 to 5 P.M. being the period in which the most decisive results occur. It would obviously be impossible for correspondents to omit from their articles these later happenings, and they are therefore provided at the Conference with operation orders, from which an intelligent appreciation of what is likely to occur can be skilfully concocted to read like an account of what actually did happen. This year the Brown operation orders were far more powerful than the skeleton enemy, so that discrepancies between conception and actuality were rare; but it was occasionally pathetic to watch, after a long morning's waiting, correspondents, followed by their instructor, hurrying away to the distant Conference Chamber, just as the significant something was at last coming to a head. In one particular instance there was but one event in the day, and that happened just before the hour at which the Conference was assembling. Consequently the accounts next morning were redolent of operation orders, and bore no resemblance to the thing as it took place. Of course there are still correspondents who prefer to see things for themselves, and do not seek to cover the whole field of operations; but they are so few that their opinions make little impress on the unanimity which results from a careful use of the Conference, and the difference is naturally taken to tell against themselves.

It will therefore do the public no harm to realise how this unanimity is contrived, so that they will cease to regard any account that differs from it as eccentricity. It is occasionally the common account that is eccentric. At a certain brigade training this autumn the day's programme was altered at the last moment. An accident happened to make the work interesting enough to appeal to the Press, and in consequence a full description of the abandoned programme was written as if the thing had occurred, the accident being worked into it, and the whole mythical adventure appeared in a score of papers!

That is by no means so rare an occurrence as the public might imagine, and one only cites it as a sample of the concoction of military news. The Conference method is less destructive to realities, but one does not see why its further developments should not in a measure supersede the employment of correspondents. Why should not the Press officer transmit his information direct to the Press, instead of through the expensive medium of the correspondents, one hundred and forty of whom were officially described as following the manœuvres?

The correspondents might then spend all their time with the Army, and, freed from daily attendance on the telegraph, write—as soon as these were ended—a thoughtful digest of the proceedings! The reply probably is that thoughtful digests are the very last thing that the public wants; so that the present system with its somewhat quaint ideas of authenticity is likely to continue, or, as a logical outcome, the correspondents may be personally conducted, in the manner of attachés, round the theatre of operations by the Press officer.

They would thus see more, and become even better acquainted with the official point of view, the public on the whole would be better served, and the troops a good deal less incommoded.

THE PEACE OF IRELAND.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

THERE was never a time, I suppose, when our politics were so deeply concerned with Ireland as they are at present, and there was never a time since the Union when Ireland was so little concerned with politics. That at least is the chief impression made upon me by a sojourn there of some weeks after an absence of two years. Ireland is a land of paradoxes, and they were never so emphatic as they are at present. Dublin has turned from a quarrel over an art gallery to a fight between capital and labour. Loyal Ulster is preparing, in deadly earnest, to fight the King, Lords, and Commons, while the Catholic and disaffected South finds itself in agreeable accord with the English Government. The tide of religious fervour, ebbing from the monasteries and country parishes, is piling high within the narrow gates of Calvinism. Religion becomes more and more material, economics become more and more emotional; but even in the heart of Tipperary, where the Protestant tenant of a "tainted" farm still goes to church on Sunday armed with a gun and guarded by a couple of constables, the new sense of ownership and of property is gradually changing the peasant's idea of the land from a symbol to a reality.

It is strange indeed at this time that one should thus find in Ireland peace from the political strife. Ulster is in this, as in all other things, an exception to the rest of Ireland; but leaving out that indignant vortex of reawakened Protestantism one may say that the rest of Ireland is at peace. Wherever the actual centre of strife over the destinies of Ireland may be, it is not in Ireland. I journeyed through many remote places in the south and west, and talked with men of various estate and interest; but the impression surprisingly produced was that, for the first time in my experience, politics were not the prime interest in their lives. Many of them, no doubt, after the skilful and agreeable manner of their kind, gave me the kind of conversation that seemed to them most in accord with what they guessed my own views to be; others voiced the general official view of whatever group they belonged to; a few were quite candid. One of these, a small farmer in the west of Tipperary, on my sounding him as to the extent of his enthusiasm for Home Rule, had uttered the usual pious patter about its advent promising to be the brightest day that had ever dawned on Ireland; but, on being pressed for a more personal and individual opinion, he answered, with a highly significant glance up and down the street, "Ah well, now, we're not greatly minding one way or the other, though"—and here he looked again up and down the street—"there's them in it that wouldn't let ye live for saying so".

The personal attitude of this particular man was a genuine indifference. But others, and among them a few of the more progressive farmers in the Golden Vale of Limerick, looked with a quite definite apprehension on the forthcoming change. The majority were mildly enthusiastic for it; but there may be something to be learned from the fact that even a few of those who really thought things out for themselves did not look without misgiving on the impending realisation of that for which they had been fighting for years. The explanation is a simple one. The first-fruits of the Land Act are now beginning to be realised; the farmers are getting settled on their own land, and are in consequence taking a larger interest in it than they ever took as tenants; they have had a good harvest. The educative work of the Agricultural Organisation Society, among other agencies, is beginning to make itself felt in a wider outlook upon the possibilities of the agricultural life and a keener idea of developing its resources; and the industrious small-holder is anxious now only to be let alone, to enjoy a respite from the strife which has hitherto rent his community (and in which he himself has been among the most implacable combatants), and genuinely desires peace and good government under which to enjoy and cultivate his

possession. And he has a vague feeling, founded no doubt on his own experience of local politics, that neither peace nor good government under an Irish Parliament elected by himself can be regarded as anything like a certainty.

Even the main roads of Ireland run chiefly by desert ways and green solitudes. It is one of the most striking contrasts between England and Ireland. In England vast solitudes only exist on moor or down or mountain; but in Ireland, even in the central plain, you run into tracts many a mile in extent where the green growing country is a solitude, and where no sign or habitation of man breaks the sweet and silent monotony of the expanse. On such a road, when the motor-car stops and the throb of the engine dies away, you become aware of the silence as of a presence that haunts this island of dreams and memories. The breath of Ireland, which is like no other atmosphere in the world, comes upon you like a caress, soft and clinging, yet with a coolness and a life in it like old still wine from an ice-cold cellar. And this great peace broods even over the congregations of men. In the small Irish country town time seems to be no more; in Patrick Street it seems always to be afternoon; and the patient, loafing inhabitants and the wandering hens and pigs and geese awake to the passage of the stranger like beings roused from an enchantment. It is in this atmosphere of dreamy listlessness that they have to work who are trying to stir up the Irish farmer to a better realisation of the commercial possibilities of his calling; and it is uphill work. It is all so very relative, even when you come upon some more advanced community, where sound co-operative principles are established and real work is being done; and the humble and almost domestic scale of the machinery and organisation fill you with a sense blended of the pathetic and the heroic. It is like teaching a class of little children the multiplication table; for in all economic matters the Irish peasant is like a little child—as easily inspired with enthusiasm, as easily discouraged and dashed by failure. And among these small communities the instructors and organisers go forth like the apostles of old to strengthen the churches; brave men, too, these modern apostles, with something of the divine and the heroic in their mission, and with a very shrewd sense of the amount of enthusiastic ideal that is necessary to achieve the very smallest practical result.

Sometimes in these green and solitary journeyings I would read the papers; and from the printed page it would appear as though Ireland were like a pot set upon the thorns, its contents seething and bubbling with disruptive heat. And I would look up and see a gleam of the sailless Shannon in the distance, cattle in the foreground browsing round the walls of a ruined abbey; green pastures, rarer tillage, and the violet haze above the heather in the lonely middle distance. Not a sound or sign of man; the idle wind would stir the printed leaf and make a crackling sound for the moment; and when it ceased the world would be at peace again.

"COLLISION."

BY JOHN PALMER.

"COLLISION", by Miss Bridget Maclagan, is a fine play. It is in some ways the most important play as yet produced this season. It has not had full justice from the critics, so that the public has another opportunity of showing it knows better than its trained advisers.

The worst, and the easiest, mistake for an audience to make about any new play is to condemn an idea or to refuse a vision because the technical expression is imperfect, or does not follow the prevailing mode. A play like "Collision" is liable to fall under precisely this error. The veriest dunderhead can perceive that "Collision" is a very imperfect exercise in dramatic form. The more enlightened can even perceive how and where "Collision" might be immeasurably improved. The author of "Collision" fails in a hundred small ways—ways in which brainful hacks who steal

from the French, or market-hunters who never had a glimpse, "within the tavern caught" over their brandies and sodas or anywhere else, of things beyond and above theatrical finance, could never possibly have erred as Miss Maclagan has erred. "Collision" is amazingly silly from the point of view of anyone who cannot see through the fashionable forms and shows of the moment to the one thing that matters in art and life. I will even admit that parts of "Collision" are amazingly silly from any point of view. The author has made all the mistakes which authors learn to avoid almost as soon as they smell the footlights. She is vague and subtle where she should be clear as the lovely September skies we have lately enjoyed. She is crude and madly violent where vagueness and subtlety would have done her business quite as well. Her people do things with a quite unnecessary fury; but they do not make it clear to the stupidest person in the theatre (to whom a dramatist's technique should always be addressed) why they are doing them.

Let those who stand for the academic fitness of things make what fun they please of "Collision". Let them say that its people often talk like a bad book, and certainly talk too much; that "Collision" must inevitably puzzle anyone who hears a play, as an actor-manager reads a MS., attending only to the script and dead to everything between the lines; that the author would be the better for a lecture upon dramatic form from recognised authorities, like Mr. A. B. Walkley or Mr. Bernard Shaw—let them say all this; and then I shall, in part, agree, and proceed to explain why, instead of amusing my readers this week with poking easy fun at Miss Maclagan, I undertake the more thankless job of seriously insisting upon her very conspicuous merit.

Probably you have heard of mysterious India—only understood by silly people who go to India for a few weeks to teach the Indians about England and quickly return to Westminster to teach the English about India. There is one of these silly people in Miss Maclagan's play—so faithfully done that one wonders the Censor did not detect a libel upon Mr. Keir Hardie and arrest the MS. on suspicion. But in Miss Maclagan's play the silly Labour person only differs from other members of the cast in the kind and extent of his failure to understand the people with whom he meddles. The principal figure of the play is mysterious India herself, felt all through as a brooding Presence. Now and again the Presence becomes visible in the sun-madness of them that rule her; in the fear of them that live in her shadow; in the immemorial, naïve wickedness of them that have dwelled with her too long; in the hopeless toil and failure of them that would serve her in famine and plague. At the end of all the Sahib is very clever; but the little Indian god, whose cheeks hang down, and whose belly is very fat, smiles the white man's millennium through, as he smiled before the oath of a white man was yet heard in his temples. It is Miss Maclagan's achievement actually to have conveyed to the imagination this vision of India as an intolerable pressure of things impenetrable, equally upon the people who pretend to know her and the people who despair that they will ever know.

In her best scenes Miss Maclagan has conveyed to us her vision of India by means wholly dramatic. Notably in the scene where the latest type of European woman, to whom life—including India—has always seemed so easy, finds that she has understood nothing and accomplished only disaster, Miss Maclagan dramatically brings her conception to a finely executed climax. Her figures, too, are well contrasted. The talking Radical who would reform India; the high-commissioner who would rule India; the native saint, hybrid with Western education, who would serve India; the presumptuous woman who would meddle and mingle with India; the amiable professor who alone survives disaster by his power to keep aloof from India in amused and philosophic contemplation—all are, in the rough, well executed, and minister occasions to the main theme with a lovely consistency. These figures live in spite of their talk. What they say, in explanation and justification of themselves, would kill them as dramatic figures if they

were not so unmistakably and robustly real. The whole play leaves one with a clear impression that its author has actually seen the things she wishes her audience to see.

It is this imaginative vision that holds the play together and gives it a more divine consistency than the rule-of-thumb dramatic form which Miss Maclagan's critics have so grievously missed. All the dramatist's figures are grouped about that central figure of India, impalpable and unseen, which touches their lives, drives them into storm of the brain and soul, into death or a broken spirit. Watch the play's progress from this point of view, and it becomes logical and sure. Ravelled threads of the story fall into place. As India touches and tries this author's people, they come into her plan, shine out clearly and full for a moment as they stand within the Presence, and pass away into the dark. We care not whither they go, for India remains, and it is India we are watching.

Mr. Norman McKinnel is to be heartily thanked for courage as a manager and judgment as a man of art. "Collision" is an important discovery for the English theatre, both for itself and its promise for the future. Mr. McKinnel has the daemon of inspiration in himself which is able to detect the daemon of inspiration in others. He has ably staged and presented the play. His own performance as the sun-struck white ruler of millions is a magnificent piece of acting. Miss Grace Lane's terrified entrance at the last is on the same plane; as also is Mr. Malcolm Cherry's beautifully delivered rebuke of the East to the undesirable woman of the West. Moreover, if the unseen presence of India takes bodily form at all in the course of this play, surely it is in the figure of Mr. Ernest Cove, immemorially gross and impenetrable. No, Mr. Trotter of the Labour party; Ismail is not to be made as one of us by raising his wages and reducing his hours of labour. Rather let us rule him as the sun-struck commissioner ruled.

BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IT is not enough that a picture is a picture, a painted area of wood or canvas representing certain objects. In the same way a book or a speech does not justify republication merely because it was once written or delivered. We demand some remarkable quality in thought, or at the least in style, before we contemplate republishing. The boredom we should experience if we had to read or listen to fresh editions of dead books or operas lies beyond imagination, and we should sit down to the job more resignedly if not told that it was very interesting that such books and music were actually once published.

Far too much importance is attached to the mere existence of painted areas and their incontestable evidence that they were once taken seriously. The National Gallery and the Tate Gallery, like the Louvre or the Uffizi, are freely hung with pictures to which no interest belongs other than that in such and such a period of false ideals they were produced. This kind of picture is properly dismissable to an historical museum where it can supplement extinct modes in boots and corsets and add to the monumental deposit of things that hardly count. Unfortunates who have to make a living by republishing such things in encyclopædic form could congregate in that museum, but ordinary people out for æsthetic stimulation should be protected from the risk of seeing tedious art.

The ideal picture exhibition would contain no jarring notes, no boring morsels of the museum. Perhaps a section might be set apart for educating experts, because experts have a definite place in æsthetics. The rest of the show would richly gleam with works whose only value was that they expanded our sympathies and enlarged our perception. If the exhibition were small owing to scarcity of works of this calibre, well, all the better. The other plan, on which, at least in part, the Grafton Gallery exhibition of Spanish pictures has been arranged, postulates that the mere existence of a picture

is important, and that by hook or crook a given wall space must be used up. The collective result at the Grafton Gallery is naturally tedious. On the other hand, the section of the exhibition set apart for the manoeuvres of experts is interesting; though I should say that the task selected for a display of their acuteness is a little "soft". This task is to discriminate between Velazquez-proper and Velazquez-pseudo, and no doubt in a contest of this sort much fun may be had. A sub-section for experts is provided by numerous portraits labelled Alonso Sanchez Coello, four of which may have been painted by him. But Coello probably is regarded by experts of mettle as feeble sport. The bulk of the exhibition is rich in pictures that are typical of provincial galleries and have no special importance. That these pictures are Spanish (one of the Velazquez portraits, by the way, is Dutch or Flemish) and serviceable padding for a Spanish exhibition is insufficient to make them interesting.

Velazquez is admitted to have been a great master; was he at an early period a feeble draughtsman or a showy mannerist? His early work is variously known in the National Gallery "The House of Martha", in two pictures exhibited about two years ago at Burlington House by Mr. Laurie Frere, and in "The Omelette", the "Aguador" and "Two Men at a Meal" in this exhibition. To arrive at some opinion as to the authenticity of No. 44, "The Angels Appearing to the Shepherds", or No. 39, "The Concert", we have to compare them with these works. Without attempting learned flights of technical comparison I will merely say that reticence of effect and sharpness of drawing, especially in folds of drapery and flesh, and in the edges of shadows, characterise all Velazquez' recognised early work, in which, moreover, his use of pigment is crisp and solid. Even when his pictures are obviously efforts their unflinching carefulness of drawing and serious preoccupation with truthful lighting are the rule. How then can we work "The Angels Appearing" in with his early pictures as has been suggested? By the risky and unscientific theory that for one brief hour on a unique occasion he adopted a foreign method of painting and coquetted with the falsely dramatic light and shade that characterises the Tenebrosi. Relinquishing severe drawing and crisp solidity of paint he produced this meretricious glittering affair. It seems unlikely. And yet the catalogue details earnest and eminent convictions that he did thus inexplicably behave. "The Concert", "The Dying Gladiator" (which, by the way, was brilliantly "discovered" in the summer), and "A Spanish Beggar" must be met in the same way. What evidence exists to support the theories that Velazquez was so feeble a painter and draughtsman as "The Concert's" author; that in his mature period he could have painted "The Gladiator" with such sloppy, aimless execution, and that at any time he would have bothered about the insignificant surface detail of "The Beggar"? On the other hand, Nos. 41 and 45 have just the personal qualities of seeing and the technical of drawing that are compatible with what is known of him. As for the well-known "Innocent X." from Apsley House, which the catalogue gives as an authentic work, it cannot elude the same kind of tests. In sharp drawing and spontaneous perception of colour, as opposed to an almost mechanical monotony, other versions of this portrait are superior. Nearly twenty are known; the inference is clear. The same applies to No. 64, "Queen Mariana", which is too obviously "coloured", too pink and white and pretty to square with our experience of Velazquez.

Murillo's individuality rarely amounts to positive character. In some portraits he seems dignified and almost manly, in a few of his religious pieces he appears moved by placid tenderness, and in rare moments by life perceived. But for the rest he is colourless and unassertive; you can make the tour of all his pictures at the Grafton Gallery and come away unchanged and with no distinct recollection of any save his own unremarkable portrait. I can imagine that several glasses of slightly sweetened milk would leave the same im-

pression on one's palate. Murillo's following, for instance Tobar (No. 167), is even a little flatter and softer in personality; José Antolinez, judged by an Assumption in which mauve-pink putti sport round a fatigued Murilloesque Madonna in sodden white and Reckitt's blue, is not a painter one regrets not knowing much about. From El Greco, though, one had hoped much, but by a curious chance the examples here manage to disagree among themselves. In too many (for their general success) an annoying mannerism protrudes; a trick of heightening devout expression by giving his Saints' eyes a liquid glaze of high light. The device might pass in an isolated case; but with frequent repetition it becomes mechanical and sentimental. The examples chosen, moreover, unluckily accentuate El Greco's weakness in design; their combined effect is bizarre and chaotic; one longs for the reposeful strength of simple lines and planes.

That the exhibition contains pictures of stimulating quality is certain; for example, the "SS. Michael and Francis" by an unknown master, the Vermejo "St. Michael", the "Mass of St. Gregory", No. 23; the "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine", No. 21; the Velazquez studies and portraits, and the "St. Bonaventura" by Valdés Leal. A little collection of sustained æsthetic value could easily be made from this over long and lavish entertainment.

"ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY."

By HERBERT E. MOLYNEUX.

THE South and East of England, and I think I might add Ireland, have had a good rose year. Not that the time of roses is past. October, and autumn although it may be, one may reasonably expect roses for another month, and in the absence of frost many of us will be gathering a sufficiency of our favourite flower to make a fitting table decoration for the Christmas feast.

What an advance this is, and it has taken place within a generation! This prolonged flowering period of the rose of to-day is, I am inclined to think, the greatest achievement of the hybridist. Colour and form have been much improved, but it is this free-flowering propensity that has been the greatest gain.

Occasionally one can label a year as a "Dean Hole", a "White Maman Cochet", or a "Medea" year; but I do not think any rose has stood out in this fashion this year, though the general cool conditions have undoubtedly fostered colour, and the reds have been particularly fine in consequence.

Speaking technically, the roses of 1913 are those, and those only, which are introduced into commerce during this year, and it will be expedient to deal with these first, though one can necessarily know but little of them unless one has grown them oneself; and, while I am fortunate enough to be so situated with regard to most of those I shall refer to, there are some where my knowledge is not so good. For much as one may desire to keep one's self up to date, the new varieties of the rose that annually find their way into commerce are too numerous.

Messrs. Alexander Dickson's "Queen Mary" is a beautiful new rose, and a single rose called "Irish Fireflame". They have both received the National Rose Society's coveted award, the Gold Medal—"Queen Mary", at the National Show, held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, in July last, and "Irish Fireflame", at the same Society's Provincial Show held last year at Southampton. They are both worthy of the award as being something quite distinct from any other rose in cultivation. They both belong to the decorative or garden section, and they will add greatly to the beauty of our gardens. "Queen Mary" is not a particularly large flower, but is of good shape; its merit lies more in its beautiful colour scheme. The body colour is of a soft, clear yellow, suffused with a bright rose pink, but it is impossible to describe accurately in mere words the intrinsic beauty of this rose.

And the task is not much easier with regard to "Irish Fireflame". This is a single rose, a fit companion to the very beautiful "Irish Elegance", but, as its name denotes (and it is happily named), the pink of the latter has become a deep red, and the yellow is almost orange. Gorgeous is not exactly a pretty word, but it fitly describes the colour of "Irish Fireflame". The very dark foliage of the plant is a fine contrast, and adds an additional charm to a rose that promises to become the most sought after amongst those who like single roses; the table that secured first prize in the single-rose class at the National Rose Show this year was decorated with this beautiful variety.

Messrs. S. McGredy, of Portadown, Ireland, are sending out five new roses this year, and no fewer than four of them have secured the gold medal. They all belong to the decorative or garden section—"Lady Mary Ward", "Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt", "Mrs. C. E. Pearson", "Old Gold", and "Edith Part". The first three have undoubtedly some of the "Lyons Rose" blood in their pedigree. I have grown them all, and of the three my favourite is "Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt"; it makes a charming bed, it is a beautiful shape, the colour orange and apricot with a deep pink flush that is unique in our gardens. It is a good grower, and the early flowers if disbudded are large enough for exhibition. "Mrs. C. E. Pearson" is nearer the "Lyons Rose" colour, but its shade is more orange and less variable in character, without the pink that so often predominates in the flower of "Lyons Rose". It is a very dwarf compact grower, remarkably free-flowering, and should make an ideal bedding rose. "Lady Mary Ward" has more orange in its colour scheme than either of the above, which is reminiscent of "Lady Roberts" at its best. A very lovely bowl of this variety was shown at the Autumn Rose Show of the National Rose Society, and secured first prize in the strong class of decorative roses. "Edith Part" is a bicolour of the old "Grand Duc Adolph de Luxembourg" type, but deepened in its colour scheme. It is a very effective rose in the garden, the deep brick-red of the outer side of its petals forming a fine contrast with the inner side, which is bright pink. It holds its flowers upright on long stems, and is remarkable for its free-flowering character; but a rose that even surpasses it in this respect is "Old Gold"; it is not quite a single, having two rows of petals, after the style of that beautiful rose (from the same raiser) "Mrs. Alfred Tate". At its best in the bud, or half-open flower, its name fairly describes its colour, but the buds have a reddish hue that renders them very effective; the flowers should be cut before they are fully open if it is to be seen at its best. Taking them altogether, Messrs. McGredy have every reason to be proud of their 1913 roses.

Messrs. Hugh Dickson's "Coronation", a gold-medal rose, belongs to the Hybrid Perpetual Class; it is a massive flower, of very large size, that will be indispensable to the exhibitor; somewhat after the style of that old H.P. "Her Majesty", but larger, brighter in colour, freer flowering, and altogether more reliable. It is one of the largest roses, if not the largest rose, in cultivation. This rose is the only hybrid perpetual to receive the gold medal of the National Rose Society during the last ten years, to such an extent has the hybrid tea ousted the older class. "Mrs. R. D. McClure" is a hybrid tea of a very pure even shade of soft salmon rose-pink; it is of excellent shape and fragrant, and it is difficult to find any fault with this rose. As seen growing under glass, too, it was very beautiful, and the colour very distinct and telling. "H. E. Richardson" is a free-flowering hybrid tea, deliciously scented, of very fine colour, a real scarlet, a buttonhole "Horace Vernet", that grand old hybrid perpetual, that, when you can get it perfect, still carries all before it. I wonder sometimes what that great artist would say if he were told that it was not his pictures that had made his name a familiar one to thousands, but the fact that a fellow-countryman had ventured to call a seedling rose "Horace Vernet". I am sure many know the rose who

never heard of the artist. Such is fame! It is a fascinating train of thought, and one that would repay following up. That delightful writer, E. V. Lucas, touches on it in an essay (that appeared in a little book called "One Day and Another") entitled "William Allan Richardson", and he subsequently wrote a post-script for the National Rose Society's "Annual", solving the problem that he had raised—namely, who was William Allan Richardson?—and to those who have not read the one or the other I commend them both; but I am wandering away from the roses of 1913. True, it is not a very far cry from H. E. Richardson to William Allan Richardson, although the similarity of the name was not, curiously enough, the connecting-link.

There is one other aspect of the roses of the year that I should like to touch. I should like to talk about roses that have this year stood out amongst their rivals from their own intrinsic merits or from the climatic conditions having suited them; but space will not allow. I cannot, however, omit "George Dickson", a rose that was distributed last year, and that has leapt at a bound to the proud position of being considered the finest hybrid tea of its colour. It is a massive flower, of beautiful proportions, a real good crimson that has secured more silver medals for the best hybrid tea in the show than any other rose of its class.

THE SONG OF HONOUR.

TO JAMES STEPHENS.

*I LOVE a hill for in its hands—
If it's a friendly hill—
I can get back to magic lands
Of boyhood when I will.*

*And I can ramble ages vast
Before me and behind:
Reach sounding cities of the past,
Now dust upon the wind,*

*Then turn my back on ages old
And watch the forest creep
On London Town, the wild lay hold
On Paul's, a toppled heap.*

*And I can stay at home and find
The hill itself content my mind
And sup on wonders still . . .
I love a hill for twenty things,
I always take a road that brings
Me halt upon a hill.*

*I climbed a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep;
An owl from nowhere with no sound
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,
I heard him calling half-way round,
Holloing loud and deep;
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
Then many a star, sailed into sight,
And all the stars, the flower of night,
Were round me at a leap;
To tell how still the valleys lay
I heard a watchdog miles away . . .
And bells of distant sheep.*

*I heard no more of bird or bell,
The mastiff in a slumber fell,
I stared into the sky,
As wondering men have always done
Since beauty and the stars were one,
Though none so hard as I.*

*It seemed, so still the valleys were,
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,*

Save me and me alone;
So pure and wide that silence was
I feared to bend a blade of grass,
And there I stood like stone.

There, sharp and sudden, there I heard—
*Ah! some wild lovesick singing bird
Woke singing in the trees?
The nightingale and babble-wren
Were in the English greenwood then
And you heard one of these?*

The babble-wren and nightingale
Sang in the Abyssinian vale
That season of the year!
Yet, true enough, I heard them plain,
I heard them both again, again,
As sharp and sweet and clear
As if the Abyssinian tree
Had thrust a bough across the sea,
Had thrust a bough across to me,
And got them to my ear!

I heard them both, and Oh! I heard
The song of every singing bird
That sings beneath the sky,
And with the song of lark and wren
The song of mountains, moths and men
And seas and rainbows vie!

I heard the universal choir,
The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
With universal song,
Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,
Her million times ten million throats
Exalt Him loud and long,
And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace
From every part and every place
Within the shining of His face,
The universal throng.

I heard the hymn of being sound
From every well of honour found
In human sense and soul:
The song of poets when they write
The testament of Beautysprite
Upon a flying scroll,
The song of painters when they take
A burning brush for Beauty's sake
And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise
Who look and see in starry skies
Not stars so much as robins' eyes,
And when these pale away
Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
Among the plums and apple trees
Sing in the summer day—

The song of all both high and low
To some blest vision true,
The song of beggars when they throw
The crust of pity all men owe
To hungry sparrows in the snow,
Old beggars hungry too—
The song of kings of kingdoms when
They rise above their fortune, men,
And crown themselves anew,

The song of courage, heart and will
And gladness in a fight,
Of men who face a hopeless hill
With sparking and delight,
The bells and bells of song that ring
Round banners of a cause or king
From armies bleeding white—

The song of sailors every one
When monstrous tide and tempest run
At ships like bulls at red,
When stately ships are twirled and spun
Like whipping tops and help there's none
And mighty ships ten thousand ton
Go down like lumps of lead—

And song of fighters stern as they
At odds with fortune night and day
Crammed up in cities grim and gray
As thick as bees in hives,
Hosannas of a lowly throng
Who sing unconscious of their song,
Whose lips are in their lives—

And song of some at holy war
With spells and ghouls more dread by far
Than deadly seas and cities are,
Or hordes of quarrelling kings—
The song of fighters great and small,
The song of pretty fighters all
And high heroic things—

The song of lovers—who knows how
Twitched up from place and time
Upon a sigh, a blush, a vow,
A curve or hue of cheek or brow,
Borne up and off from here and now
Into the void sublime!

And crying loves and passions still
In every key from soft to shrill
And numbers never done,
Dog-loyalties to faith and friend,
And loves like Ruth's of old no end,
And intermission none—

And burst on burst for beauty and
For number not behind,
From men whose love of motherland
Is like a dog's for one dear hand,
Sole, selfless, boundless, blind—
And song of some with hearts beside
For men and sorrows far and wide,
Who watch the world with pity and pride
And warm to all mankind—

And endless joyous music rise
From children at their play,
And endless soaring lullabies
From happy, happy mothers' eyes,
And answering crows and baby cries,
How many who shall say!
And many a song as wondrous well
With pangs and sweets intolerable
From lonely hearths too gray to tell,
God knows how utter gray!
And song from many a house of care
When pain has forced a footing there
And there's a Darkness on the stair
Will not be turned away—

And song—that song whose singers come
With old kind tales of pity from
The Great Compassion's lips,
That make the bells of Heaven to peal
Round pillows frosty with the feel
Of Death's cold finger tips—

The song of men all sorts and kinds,
As many tempers, moods and minds
As leaves are on a tree,
As many faiths and castes and creeds,
As many human bloods and breeds
As in the world may be;

The song of each and all who gaze
On Beauty in her naked blaze,
Or see her dimly in a haze,
Or get her light in fitful rays
And tiniest needles even,
The song of all not wholly dark,
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark
Too deep for groping Heaven—

And alleluias sweet and clear
And wild with beauty men mishear,
From choirs of song as near and dear
To Paradise as they,

The everlasting pipe and flute
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,
And lips deaf men imagine mute
In wood and stone and clay,

The music of a lion strong
That shakes a hill a whole night long,
A hill as loud as he,
The twitter of a mouse among
Melodious greenery,
The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
The nightingale's—all three,
The song of life that wells and flows
From every leopard, lark and rose
And everything that gleams or goes
Lack-lustre in the sea.

I heard it all, each, every note
Of every lung and tongue and throat,
Ay, every rhythm and rhyme
Of everything that lives and loves
And upward, ever upward moves
From lowly to sublime!
Earth's multitudinous Sons of Light,
I heard them lift their lyric might
With each and every chanting sprite
That lit the sky that wondrous night
As far as eye could climb!

I heard it all, I heard the whole
Harmonious hymn of being roll
Up through the chapel of my soul
And at the altar die,
And in the awful quiet then
Myself I heard, Amen, Amen,
Amen I heard me cry!
I heard it all and then although
I caught my flying senses, Oh,
A dizzy man was I!
I stood and stared; the sky was lit,
The sky was stars all over it,
I stood, I knew not why,
Without a wish, without a will,
I stood upon that silent hill
And stared into the sky until
My eyes were blind with stars and still
I stared into the sky.

RALPH HODGSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE HARLEQUINADE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. James's Theatre, S.W., October 9, 1913.

SIR,—Why pretend that I really know what Mr. Inkster means? I never was good at these æsthetics. No doubt by painfully whipping up that intellectualism with which he credits—no, debits me (Heaven forgive him!) I could arrive at some barren understanding of what he means, that "Popular science" sort of understanding, which I am at last learning no more to attempt. This is not written in irony. I'm sure there is a lot in what he says; I only wish it interested me.

But one little matter. On the programme at the St. James's Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's name precedes my own in the authorship of "The Harlequinade"; this, though I placed it so myself, being no mere courtesy. Collaboration rightly remains a mystery. There are two—probably well-known—replies to impertinent prying. "I," said A., "write all the vowels and B. writes all the consonants." Or again: "He does all the work and I make half the money." Let me betray no secret when I say that all the bad æsthetics in "The Harlequinade" are mine and all the rest is Mr. Calthrop's.

One thing more. Does this confession allow me to confess further that I can still enjoy in a simple-souled sort of way the unpretentious little entertainment that "The Harlequinade" is meant to be? This, though I

have told Mr. Calthrop frankly how much better it might have been written, though he has replied with feeling how much better it naturally would have been written had I never interfered, though I have told the actors how much more perfectly it might be played, though they have implied in their turn with equal politeness that the production is pretty poor. Criticism in the Press! It is bread and milk with sugar added compared with criticism in the theatre. And did I look further than the entertainment (not being entertained I agree it is still the critic's dismal duty to discover why), could I not help sticking a pin through the butterfly, do you know I should be tempted to discover that "The Harlequinade" is in its way a parable? Interpreted aright it might forbid the barren academic judgment which certain John Does and Richard Roes have blindly passed upon the parable play it precedes.

Faithfully yours,

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

"TRUTH ON THE STAGE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Ives Bay, 9 October 1913.

SIR,—Mr. Jones evidently has not read Mr. Palmer's article called "The Improbability of Sir James Barrie", or he would see that I was stating Mr. Palmer's position, not my own, in the opening sentences of my letter of 27 September. When I said "Truth" I meant "truth" and not "facts"; for Mr. Palmer meant "truth", if he meant what he said, which so accomplished a critic always would. Also when I said "Your dramatic critic has reduced the drama to mathematics" I again meant what I said—namely, "drama", and not "dramatic criticism", as Mr. Jones supposes, which in the context would make nonsense. Mr. Palmer's position in the article referred to was that nothing mattered so long as a playwright, or rather his play, agreed with itself. If the conclusions could be deduced from the premisses, it was nothing that the premisses had no relation or similarity to anything under the sun but themselves. If this is sound, then, I pointed out, the premisses should not be given names which would necessarily suggest to the onlookers something beside the premisses. Also, if this criticism is sound, drama can have no essential relation to truth, being concerned only with its own premisses, which may or may not be true: either way an accident. In other words, a play becomes an identical proposition, precisely what mathematical truth is; though I admit there are advanced mathematicians who are trying now to import into it something more.

Mr. Jones talks of "essential" truth. What does he mean? Truth that is not essential is not truth, and how truth can be "translated" from one world to another Heaven only knows. Perhaps I am not likely to dispute that the SATURDAY may justly take pride in its dramatic criticisms of the last twenty years; or that the present series is worthy to rank with the others.

I am, yours obediently,

ONLOOKER.

WIRELESS ECHOES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thames Ditton, 1 October 1913.

SIR,—The correspondence respecting the investments of Ministers continues, and an interesting point seems likely to be lost sight of in the cloud of new issues raised. Both Lord Salisbury and Mr. Lloyd George write the sort of letter that one would expect them to write, but the characteristics of Lord Wolmer are not so well known, and one would be glad to have an authoritative statement as to what he really said in the speech which served Mr. George as a pretext for his attack.

I am, yours faithfully,

W. OSCAR NASH.

"THE RAILWAY TRAIN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, S.W., 6 October 1913.

SIR,—I too have read "Men and Rails" and was delighted with Mr. Kenney's style; and, while I cannot charge him with any serious inaccuracy, I fear that he has let his cause run away with him. Maybe, however, I am biased myself.

It is not with Mr. Kenney that I would now deal, but with Mr. Dewar. I would like to ask the latter how often he has had occasion to "idly watch a man or two moving under or between the buffers and coupling or uncoupling a truck". This is an operation that is now most rare. Shunters and porters have to pass between passenger stock to couple and uncouple, but this, except by a breach of the regulations, is not done unless the vehicles are at rest. With trucks—i.e. goods wagons—there is no need to pass between at all.

Mr. Dewar also says in reference to coupling accidents that either Mr. Kenney's figures have gone mad or the case against the authorities is very black. I am not going to pass judgment as to which is correct, but I must draw attention to the fact that in Great Britain with 1,400,000 wagons, none of which have automatic couplings, there were, during 1912, twelve servants killed and 679 injured while coupling and uncoupling vehicles. As eight of the killed and 294 of the injured met with their accidents when handling screw-coupled stock, these 302 accidents would, in nearly every case, be with passenger vehicles and not with "trucks". In the United States, where (in 1910) there were 2,133,531 freight cars, all with automatic couplings, there were last year 192 servants killed and 3236 injured in coupling and uncoupling.

I have said that I do not wish to deal with Mr. Kenney, but there is one remark made in his book that is connected with the above question of coupling. It is said in "Men and Rails" that one shunter in every ten is killed or injured in a year. I may be charged with splitting hairs if I say that this average should be one in thirteen, so I hasten to observe that the term "killed or injured" is used. If these be separated it will be found that one in 553 is the proportion killed, and one in thirteen injured. Unfortunately, the various ranks are not similarly divided in the Inter-State Commerce Commission's returns, so the proportion of casualties to men employed cannot be given. But it is instructive to note that while only 2.36 per cent., or one in every forty-three of the casualties incurred in coupling and uncoupling in this country are fatal, the figures for the United States show that 5.6 per cent., or one in every eighteen of the accidents, prove fatal.

H. RAYNAR WILSON.

BOOKS AND BOOMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 St. Paul's Crescent, Camden Square, N.W.

SIR,—The present publishing season is not very far advanced, but already the air has been thick with the clamours of banned and battered writers who have managed—some early, some late—to achieve the crowning distinction of a literary career by falling foul (some say very foul) of the circulating libraries. They have been shovelled, protesting, into "Class B"—and their triumph is complete. The poor unbusinesslike authors in "Class A", who have made no stir in the world, gaze wistfully on and think of how much they have lost by being good. For to sell a novel on its own merits, and without any more fuss, seems to be, one would gather, a quite impossible proposition, out of date, no longer done. You can only sell nowadays after somebody has obstinately and (of course) conspicuously refused to buy. It is an age of paradox, and the story which the bookstalls reject often becomes the head of the "corner". If you can only get a few keen business men to advertise their moral principles

in declining to touch the thing the sympathy spreads and the author flourishes exceedingly. The boycott of the bishops is not perhaps so valuable as it was, owing to the lower prestige of bishops; but it has its uses, and can generally be counted upon to follow in due course. And so the cant is tossed merrily from one side to the other. The merchant is anxious not to debauch the morals of his customers; the novelist is determined not to resist the claims of his art; everybody is in the lime-light, and for one brief but well-timed spasm we all pretend to be discussing the great problem of Literature.

Cults flower and fade in religion, philosophy, and society. They have their day (or night) and cease to be. But from the cult of cant angels and ministers of grace seem unable to defend us. The cant of "morals" and the cant of "art" (whipped up as they frequently are by the cant of commerce) eat into our literature, corrode our drama, blind our criticism, and stultify our imagination. Just lately, in connexion with the "banned" books, we have had an eruption of cant calculated to make the sensitive squirm at the very sight of a new novel on the publishers' lists, or of a new play on the hoardings.

"Class B" is high-grade cant to begin with. This, and not the "fourpenny box", was the special hell, I believe, which Dante saw reserved for those writers of fiction who treated sex relations "thoughtfully". Into "Class B" they go, and they are made to stop there till urgently inquired for. So that all subscribers shall be fully protected, these Bad Boys of the Family are cursed by bell, book, and candle, then branded and kept apart from the rest as an awful (and oft-repeated) warning. There is no excuse for you if, after this, you wander casually over to "Class B" and finger idly the tainted goods so prominently displayed. You have been told; and should you all persist in your deplorable curiosity, the consequences be on your own heads. We have done all we could, and there is nothing left to do now but to order another stack.

But the cant must be kept up, and it has to be confessed that, on their side, the authors have shown a reserve force in this particular which has put the librarians to shame, and made the bookstall proprietors blush for their business instincts. "Class B" has proved what the racing specialists call "a medium for a plunge", and the novelists have plunged boldly. One of them, after talking a long time, discovered, no doubt to his intense chagrin, that there had been a mistake, and that he wasn't in "Class B" at all, but in "Class A". And oh! the delicacy of it all! The "psychology of passion" (which is the new name for the old sin) may possibly be handled in these books with the utmost reticence and restraint. But at sheer unrestrained puffing of their own wares, at explanations of their meaning and interpretations of their "message" the apostles of the higher sexualism can give their more pornographic brethren a long start and a bad beating.

The freedom and realism of the "artist", as opposed to the narrowness and smug romance of the conventional Englishman, has been the theme of much satire. But it would appear from recent evidence that the cult of cant is practised in the "artists' quarters" to-day more than anywhere else, and that the literary man is in danger of becoming a greater shopkeeper than anybody.

Yours, etc.,

B. R. CARTER.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W.,

29 September 1913.

SIR,—In your issue of 27 September a correspondent inquires whether "the split infinitive" can be traced back to the eighteenth or even the seventeenth century. Perhaps he wishes "to thoroughly master" the subject in order "to case-harden" himself against ignorant pedants before he attempts "to re-consider" or "again